

John Duke. 913 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

CHRISTMAS.

Or all the sites and sights in London, commend us to Covent Garden Market at Christmas.

A provincial, unacquainted with the scene, and only familiar with oranges and lemons and its thousand other *delicæ*, from homeopathic visions thereof in the frugally supplied shops of country towns, would probably hurry past the real Christmas feature in the market, and would concentrate his admiration upon the golden treasures poured out in such gleaming floods on each side of his path. He would survey with delight—wishing he were monarch of all he surveyed—the overflowing warehouses, glowing with bright colours, and redolent of fine odours. He would revel in the contemplation of the shops where they count oranges by the myriad and nuts by the million. He, accustomed to look at one cocoa-nut as a “great fact,” would smile as he saw the rugged balls rolling at his feet in hundreds, turning up what children call the monkey-face end to invite his scoop, or reproaching him in their rough rotundity for delaying to saw them in halves. He, whose

ideas of grapes were limited to the occasional present from some lordly neighbour, the owner of a grapery, which is one of the “lions” of the county, would be charmed by the huge piles of blooming bunches, golden and purple, which convert a fruiterer’s window into a picture, and a picture painted with colour more superb than that of Rubens. And when his eye should become satiated with the more prominent beauties of the *boutiques*, he would look curiously at the numerous details of the vegetable array. There blazes the beet-root, artfully sliced to show its rich hue, suggestive of salads. There lie the brown chestnuts, reminding one of the social cookery which roasts them on the bar, or of the more dignified hospitality which presents them delicately enfolded in the damask napkin. There repose giant pears, sombre in garb, but of untimberable lusciousness of taste, and of price not altogether unworthy of such a flavour. There sparkle in its redness the lovely “lady-apple,” appropriately named, from its plumpness, piquancy, and beauty. There are filberts, and among these thousands not a dozen that will not, on cracking, show you two shining ovals, firm as ivory. And that wealth of less gorgeous,

but even more valuable, character lies along the ground—look at the potatoes! Look at those noble heads of celery, and think of them, purified from earthly stain, and glistening proudly in the crystal vase. Shall we speak of the humble greens, the sprouts, the cabbages; or is Christmas a time to be proud, when, like Prince Hal, we should forget the existence of so lowly a thing as small beer? Surely not—honour to the Lincoln and all other greens—and *apropos* of verdancy, we are reminded of our provincial friend, with whom we set out.

The sight which struck us upon entering Covent Garden Market two days ago, was the garment of green in which it had suddenly dressed itself, in honour of its guest, Old Christmas. There was a complete transformation, reversing that which takes place when Macduff’s soldiers threw down their boughs. All was holly and mistletoe. This is the novelty to the Londoner’s eye. Everywhere we saw bushes of bright leaves and berries, and duller leaves and white berries—the mistletoe. We do not forget—we wish we could—a certain dreary and doleful ballad, bearing its name; but that is not the way the mistletoe should be commemorated. There it



CHRISTMAS TIME AT COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

hangs, reminding us a little of the Druid, and his golden knife with which he cut it, but reminding us more—a great deal more—of certain other things—things ruder than the holly berries hanging close by, and sweeter than all the bouquets ever tied up in lace paper! What a mass will not permit us to linger longer on this scene, as on another page we have other scenes to depict. We may add, however, that amidst all this plenty our streets are full of miserable poor, who need less recommendation to the kindness of the more fortunate than do thousands who, too high minded to beg, suffer in their squalid houses, and over their wretched fire and fare, far more than the trained or shameless beggar. Such cases are within the reach of all; they do not obtrude their sorrows; but there is not a clergyman or a medical man who cannot point them out in scores to any benevolent inquirer. This is the anniversary of the commencement of the most awful sacrifice ever offered in created space. Would it not be well if every one resolved to commemorate it by some small sacrifice which should make one heart leap with gratitude at the close of 1865, and prepare to toil on with renewed hope through the unknown mazes of 1866? "Give and forgive" is not, one would think, a bad motto for a Christian's Christmas.

THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.

THE files of Jamaica papers which have reached us by the Atrato are filled almost entirely with details and incidents of the insurrection which has just been suppressed. The Kingston Gleaner gives the following account of the capture of the chief, Paul Bogle:—

"The Maroons, with their peculiar forethought and experience, came to the conclusion that the bloodthirsty rebel could not be far off the scenes of the activities of the 11th of October. His whereabouts was suspected, and a party, under the veteran Captain Briscoe (Maroon), proceeded to Spring Garden, and formed a cordon round a certain unfrequented district. A boy, a mere child in years, say between ten and fourteen, was ordered to advance centrally to a certain spot indicated, and if the rebel chief was there the boy was to sound a horn for his immediate capture. Boldly the little fellow advanced, the cordon of Maroons drawing closer to the centre as he advanced. True enough, Paul was there in the thicket reading his Hymn-book. He coolly looked up and asked the boy who he was; 'I am a Maroon,' was the answer. 'And what do you want here?' demanded Paul. 'We are come to take you.' 'No, you won't,' said the rebel, springing at him; but the boy was quick, for immediately sounding his horn as he broke away from the rebel chief, his warlike race rushed to the rescue with every rifle levelled at the notorious Paul. He surrendered in a sullen manner, muttering, 'I will surrender to your people; but I never would have to any other.' He was then securely bound and brought in to meet the doom that was so justly awarded him."

The Jamaica papers give long accounts of a grand fête given at Kingston on the 13th of November last to the corps of Maroons, which has done such good service in arresting the spread of the insurrection. The day was observed as a general holiday, and all the companies of local volunteers turned out to receive them as they made a public entry into the city. "It was, indeed," says the Gleaner, "gratifying to see the enthusiasm shown to our welcome visitors, as also to our deserving volunteers. From every window, door, and even the roofs of houses, smiles and waves of handkerchiefs from the fair sex greeted the advance of the true and loyal hearts who had sprung to arms in defence of their Sovereign, their country, and their families. In many instances bouquets were thrown to the volunteers as they passed along, a gratifying tribute to all of them and we feel assured it was highly appreciated."

The following narrative of the first day's outbreak is by the Rev. R. M. Partridge, the Wesleyan missionary at Morant Bay:—

"I was on the Bay on Wednesday, the 11th of October; attended the Vestry to recommend a few poor and destitute persons to be put on the paupers' list; saw the volunteers drawn up in front of the Court-house; heard of the gathering of the people at Stony Gut and their resistance of the authorities; left the Bay for my residence about three o'clock p.m., with the intention of returning there in the evening for service in our chapel. Before I was ready to return, one of my neighbours sent to tell me that there was a riot on the Bay, and that Mr. Walton and Mr. Arthur Cooke had been killed. I could not realize the fact, and started out immediately to know the certainty of the report. When I came within sight of the rectory a few persons who were standing in the yard made signs to me to go back; seeing me ride on, they ran out and entreated me not to go to the Bay, repeated what had occurred, and informed me of the determination of the mob to destroy every white and coloured man. I was very much excited, but could not believe the horrible tale. While I was considering what I should do under these painful circumstances, a messenger came out and said the rector wished to see me. By the advice of this person I alighted from my horse and walked cautiously in, lest some of the rebels who were then standing before the front gate should see me. The rector, who had just been mercifully rescued from the murderous band, soon confirmed all I had heard. Shortly after I had been in the house some one cried out, 'The schoolhouse is on fire!' I hastened upstairs and saw it was even so. This sight, together with what had just been told to me, awakened my worst apprehensions. It was now quite evident that we must at once use what means we could for our safety, and trust in God, who alone could deliver us. The rector was advised to quit his residence and seek refuge somewhere. On his inquiring, 'Where am I to go?' I invited him to come up with me to Highbury, and to remain there as long as it was prudent for us to do so. We had to use some precaution in moving off, so as not to attract the notice of rebel spies. A favourable opportunity offering, we essayed to get there, and were followed by the ladies, Baron Alfred Kettelhodt, and, later in the evening, by other families. It was discovered that Mr. Arthur Cooke, who had been most cruelly beaten, chopped, and left for dead by the rebels, lay yet in him, and after dark a few kind persons at some risk ventured and succeeded in bringing him away to this place. The scene which followed when he was brought in and laid down before the deeply distressed parents is indescribable. He was sensible and could speak. Addressing himself to his father, he very touchingly said, 'When I saw you leave the Court-house I made haste to come after you to protect you. Oh! father, I would have died for you.' His weeping father replied, 'Yes, my son, I know it. I know your affection for me.' We did what we could under existing circumstances to alleviate his sufferings and to prolong his life; but it soon became apparent that he also must be enrolled among the murdered ones. We could from here see the burning Court-house, &c., and hear the shouts, cheers, and hurrahs of the mob as they perpetrated some new act of atrocity. Every now and then an additional refugee would present himself at the gate, whose appearance and call would at first awaken our suspicion and excite our fears as to whether he was a friend or foe; from whom we would afterwards hear some horrible tidings. In this state of constant alarm and intense excitement we passed the memorable night of the 11th of October. Our fears of the rebels coming up here were not realized; the providence of God preserved and delivered us, and with grateful hearts we welcomed the light of another day. Mr. George, though wounded, providentially escaped, and the lady of Baron Alfred Kettelhodt, having heard of his whereabouts, came on here in the morning, Thursday, 12th inst. After much anxious looking out for the expected help from Kingston, a vessel came in sight. Fear and hope alternated as to whether or no she was really coming to our rescue. At length, to the great relief of all, the Wolverine entered the harbour; the troops were duly landed, and the party, with the exception of a few of the ladies who ventured to remain with me, went under military escort to the ship."

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, during the time fixed for the funeral of his late Majesty the King of the Belgians, at Laken, near Brussels, the inhabitants of Windsor, according to the request of the mayor, Mr. J. Jones, partly closed their shops and places of business between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock, as a mark of respect to the late monarch's memory. King Leopold, whose early history was closely wrapped up with that of Windsor, was a great favourite in the royal borough and though latterly, owing to increasing age and infirmities, his Majesty was not seen much about the streets while visiting the Queen, yet his arrival at and departure from Windsor were always looked forward to with much interest. In the morning shortly after eight o'clock, the funeral knell was toll-d from the death-bell of the Chapel Royal of St. George, the same slow, sad, and solemn notes being repeated from the belfry of St. John's Church. With the whole of the shops partly closed the town presented a very gloomy and funeral aspect, many of the shopkeepers allowing their shutters to remain up till the evening. At Eton also the same marks of esteem were not wanting. On Sunday morning the battalion of Grenadier Guards now quartered at the Sheet-street Barracks marched to Holy Trinity Church without the military music of the drum and file band, the officers wearing black crape mourning bands upon their left arms. The officers of the 1st Life Guards also wore the same symbol of mourning. In the morning her Majesty's private chapel within the precincts of the Castle was draped with black hangings during the service, while at the Chapel Royal of St. George the funeral anthem by Purcell was sung by the choir, the anthem, "When the ear heard, &c." being given during the evening service, when the sacred edifice was crammed to overflowing.

On Sunday evening Mr. Frederick Haad, deputy coroner for West Middlesex, held an inquiry at the Young Women's Christian Association premises, in Sloane-street, Chelsea, respecting the death of Caroline Green, aged forty-five years. Miss Alexander, superintendent of the Home of the Young Women's Christian Association, at 115, Sloane-street, said that the deceased was lady's maid to Lady Hatherston, and she was admitted to the Home on Monday week, in consequence of a medical man stating that she was suffering from nervous excitement. The deceased was admitted in order that she might get rest and recover. The Home was kept up principally for young ladies, who attended in and who lived at the Home, on payment of 10s. 6s. a-week. The deceased was under no restraint in the Home. Police-constable Gunter, 316 D, said that on the previous Friday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, he was outside Tyrone House, the Home in question, when he heard a terrific crash, caused by the deceased falling from an immense height into the area. He found her lying in the area with her brains scattered about the pavement. She was, of course, quite dead. Mr. O. Brown, M.D., 98, Sloane-street, said that he had attended the deceased for general weakness. She was under a delusion that all persons were in a plot against her at Lady Hatherston's, and by his advice her ladyship sent her temporarily to the Home for a change. Lady Hatherston was very kind to her, and offered her mansion at Worthing for rest. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased committed suicide by throwing herself out of a fourth-floor window while of unsound mind."

HENRY GREENWOOD, a middle-aged man, employed as a moulder's assistant at the Vauxhall foundry, is in custody at the Main Bridewell, Liverpool, charged with the murder of his wife. The prisoner and deceased, who have two children, lived together at 56, Leeds-street, out of Old Hall-street. The prisoner left work about half-past four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and about eight o'clock the same night he was seen by a witness, named William Wilson, who lived in the same house, to enter his room. The witness then heard an excited conversation between the prisoner and the deceased. He heard the prisoner charge deceased with having stolen some money from his pocket, and she denied that she had done so. Directly afterwards deceased said "Don't pull the cross off me." She then ran up stairs, exclaiming "Oh, Harry!" Two other witnesses then saw the prisoner follow deceased, knock her down with his fist, and kick her savagely about the head and body. She never spoke, and died in a few minutes. Prisoner ran downstairs, and witnesses called after him to stop, as he had killed his wife, and he replied, "She's not half killed yet." He then went into Gore's public house in Vauxhall-road, where his little daughter is servant, and, meeting her, said, "Sarah, I have killed your mother." He was then apprehended by the police.—*Liverpool Advertiser*

SIR JENNY STOKES, who is appointed to investigate matters concerning the Jamaica affair, left London for Southampton on Monday. On his arrival at the Southampton Station he was met by Captain Hand, R.N., the Admiralty superintendent at that port. Sir Henry left Southampton docks in a small steamer for the Royal West India mail-boat Shannon, which lay at anchor in Southampton water. The Shannon proceeded on her voyage at about three p.m.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at the offices of the Padstow Shipping Assurance Association, from Cardiff, of the total loss of the Volunteer, of Plymouth, Captain Skinner, which was run down off Padstow on the night of the 11th instant by the screw steamer Minerva of London, bound to Gibraltar. Only the captain and a boy were saved out of a crew of six hands, the rest being drowned. The Minerva brought the captain and boy to Cardiff.

On the arrival of the North Kent up train at the London-bridge Terminus, at half-past eight o'clock on Monday night, a man, attired in the garb of a labourer, in attempting to jump from a third-class carriage whilst the train was still in motion, fell upon the platform in such a manner as to break his neck. The man, who was a native of Devon, had been completely under the influence of drink. The incident attracted much of the passengers, hundreds of whom remained, expecting that the mangled remains of the innocent man would be found; and the railway officials, with lamps, after some search, discovered him as described. The carriages were then uncoupled, and the man extricated from his perilous position, when it was found that he had sustained no other injury than a slight abrasion on one of his legs.

CONVICTION FOR SHOOTING A SISTER.—At the Stafford Assizes, before Mr. Justice Keating, George Tavernor, a young man, about twenty-one years old, was indicted for shooting his sister, Ellen Tavernor, at Baswich, on the 15th of September last, with intent to murder her. On the afternoon of the day named the prisoner came home in a state of intoxication, quarrelled with his mother, and when she left the house in terror, followed her with a loaded double-barrelled gun. The prisoner's sister, Ellen, was walking out with a gentleman named Lybourne, and the prisoner on being spoken to by them threatened to shoot both. Miss Tavernor turned to go away, when the prisoner fired off both barrels in rapid succession, and the young lady fell to the ground, so seriously wounded in her back and legs that she had to be carried home, where she remained a considerable time under medical treatment. The prisoner, when apprehended, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, and wished it had been his mother instead of his sister. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty of unlawfully wounding." The prisoner was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. 6d.) with White-paper, Envelopes, Pencils, and Pen, is now on hand. THE PRIZE OF 20 GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 400,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 54, Oxford-street, London.—*Advertisement.*

Foreign News.

BELGIUM.

On Sunday King Leopold II took the oath to the constitution before both houses of the Belgian parliament.

Upon leaving the palace at Laken, the Queen, in deep mourning, preceded the King in a carriage drawn by six horses. The King followed a few minutes afterwards. His Majesty received the congratulations of the burgomaster of Laken, and, after replying in gracious terms, mounted on horseback, accompanied by the Duke of Flanders and the Archduke Joseph of Austria. The King and Queen were received with enthusiastic cheers along the entire route, and arrived at the House of Parliament at midday, where a similar reception awaited them. The King wore the uniform of a Lieutenant-general of the Belgian army, and the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold. Bareheaded, and with outstretched hands, his Majesty pronounced the words of the constitutional oath in a firm voice. The taking of the oath to the constitution created great enthusiasm.

His Majesty then made a speech, in which he stated that Belgium, as well as himself, had lost a father. He was moved by the homage of the nation and the sympathy of foreign sovereigns and princes, and thanked them in his own name and in the name of the country. His Majesty continued:—

"I shall religiously follow the example and the precepts of my father, and will never forget the duties imposed upon me by this precious inheritance. I will be a Belgian king from my heart and soul. I love those great institutions which guarantee order and liberty, and which are the most solid bases of the throne. My constitutional position keeps me aloof from the conflict of opinions, leaving the country to decide between them. I desire to give those who devote themselves to the crowning of the national edifice the assurance of my co-operation. By activity and progress Belgium will retain the support of foreign powers."

His Majesty repeated the words uttered by his late father upon ascending the throne, "My heart knows no other ambition than to see you happy," and concluded by imploring the Divine assistance and protection for himself and Belgium.

His Majesty's speech was received with great enthusiasm. The Queen then presented her son to the Chambers, and their Majesties took their departure amid shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive le Comte de Hainaut!"

GERMANY.

A correspondence has been going on for some time between Prussia and Austria concerning the Bismarck proposition for a military occupation of the city of Frankfurt, in order to put down the free press and prevent political meetings. Austria has appeared to refuse her co-operation in this unjustifiable violation of law and popular rights. According to late despatches, the Prussian Government has given Austria time to reflect, and if Francis Joseph and his advisers continue to refuse to join Prussia, that Power will carry out her designs alone. The chief magistrate, the burgomaster, and Senate of Frankfurt do not believe that Prussia will go so far. Perhaps they are mistaken. Prussia intends to break up the Frankfurt Diet and destroy the liberties of all the free towns.

A NOTTINGHAM LACE MANUFACTURER HORSEWHIPPED BY A LADY.—On Monday morning, at the police-court, Nottingham, Mrs. Charlotte Burton and Mr. William Wainwright, her brother, were charged with assaulting Mr. George Baylis Yates, lace manufacturer, on Friday week, at St. Mary's-gate, Nottingham. Mr. Browne (for the plaintiff) called Mr. Yates, who said he had known the defendant for twenty years. She had been a partner with him as a lace manufacturer for three years and a half, previous to which she had been in his employ for fifteen years. The partnership was dissolved a few months ago. Since then the defendant and himself had been on terms of intimacy. On Wednesday week they had a misunderstanding, and on the Friday morning, as he was going to his warehouse, he saw Mrs. Burton, and went up and spoke to her. He put out his hand to shake hands, and on his doing so she pulled from under her cloak a whip and struck him on the face with it, calling him a "villain" and a "scoundrel." She struck him a second time, and he then wrested the whip from her. She then tried to scratch out his eyes, but as she had gloves on, he was not hurt. He received a black eye, and the other was discoloured. After he had taken the whip from the defendant, her brother came up and got the whip from plaintiff, and gave it to Mrs. Burton. Upon this plaintiff ran away, and got into his own warehouse. In cross-examination the witness said he promised to make Mrs. Burton his wife within the last five or six weeks. He had since driven her out in his carriage, and they had been to parties together. Advised her to give up her business and dispose of her goods in order that they might get married. On Wednesday week he went to her warehouse and asked her when they were to be married. He replied in June. If he married her in Nottingham he should be obliged to run the gamut or be blackballed. Intended to carry out his promise to marry the defendant up to Friday. Never dreamt of an assault on her. Did not tell Mr. Mallett that he did not intend to carry out his promise to marry the defendant. The bench were of opinion that a violent and unjustifiable assault had been committed. Although the circumstances were very peculiar they felt bound to pass a severe sentence, namely, a penalty of 40s. and 13s. costs. Wainwright was discharged.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY BY A PAGE.—At the Westminster Police-court, Charles G. Eden, 17, described as a footman in the service of the Hon. Colonel and Lady Catherine Freke, 9, Lowndes-street, Knightsbridge, was charged with unlawful possession of a brilliant ring value £25, a gold watch value £40 and other articles, forming part of a livery committed at Obchester a few months ago. Mr. George Richard Orancy, a pawnbroker, of 24, Exeter-street, Chelsea, proved that at twelve o'clock on that day the prisoner came to him with a very fine lady's brilliant ring, set in blue enamel, foreign, and asked 15s. on it. Seeing the stones were of very fine water, witness questioned prisoner as to the owner of the property, and he said it belonged to his sister, who was lady's maid at No. 9 Lowndes-street, Knightsbridge. Doubting the truth of his statement, witness told him he should send one of his shopmen to inquire, when prisoner said his sister lived at No. 14, Prince's-garden. A constable was sent for, and he was handed over to the police. Mr. William James Holden, an inspector of the B Division, said that the prisoner was brought to him, and first said he found the ring in the park and then made another excuse. After some conversation, he took from his waistcoat pocket a very costly lady's watch, with chain, and handing it to witness, said he had found that at Brighton. He then consented for a short time, and turning to witness, said if he came with him he would tell him all about it. He had stolen the rings, watch, and chain, and some other jewellery, to the amount of nearly £200, from Sir William De Balth's at Obchester, in whose service he was as page, about the time of Goodwood Races. Part of that jewellery was in his portmanteau at the Hon. Colonel Freke's, 9, Lowndes-place. An upper housemaid was implicated in the robbery as well as himself. The confession was quite voluntary. Witness searched him, and found, besides other things, a pawnbroker's duplicate for a ring (value fifty guineas), pawned for £1, at Mr. Melhuish's, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square. That ring formed a portion of the stolen property. He wished for a remand for further evidence. Prisoner, who cried bitterly during the examination, had nothing to say, and was remanded.

FUNERAL OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

On Saturday the funeral of the late King of the Belgians took place at Brussels, with almost more than the royal pomp which usually cloths these mournful ceremonies, and, what is not so usual, amid the most profound expressions of regret and sympathy on the part of his late subjects. Even the very lamps were muffled over with crepe, and the necessity which this occasioned of leaving the light burning with a flicky yellow gloom made the whole line of road, from the Place Royale to Porte Loeven look like an avenue to a vault. Seen through the dim winter morning, it would be difficult to conceive anything more mournful in this aspect than these thoroughfares. It seemed at the first glance not so much that a king was to be buried, but as if all his subjects were dead too. Closed windows, closed shutters, black flags, and black drapery met the eye on every side, while the very air was filled with indications of a row as the echo of the minute guns and tolling of the muffled bells came with dull reverberation from every quarter. The great centre of the indications of gloom and mourning was, of course, the Brussels Palace itself. Most visitors to Brussels know its cheerful aspect as seen through the trees of the park; it stands up brightly beyond its fine open square. For even of those most familiar with its appearance could have recognised it on Saturday. It was draped with black cloth almost throughout its entire front. Around its main entrance the black was daintily spangled with small golden lions, and each porch ornamented with a temporary gilt archway similarly draped and gilded. Along the whole length of the balustrade in front of the windows, urns were placed laden with the same kind of incense, till the very air in front of the Palace was made heavy and unbearable. All this was done before daylight, and almost with daylight the first ranks of spectators took their places. Early as they were, however, the great masses of troops which kept the square, and had to take part in the procession, were there before, and had enclosed with double rows of infantry the space allotted to the arrangement of the cortege. This duty of keeping the ground was a mere sacrifice, as far as duty went; for anything more orderly, or, if we may so term it, more reverent than the demeanour of the immense crowd could not have been desired. Though the concourse in front of the palace was very dense, the footways, passages, lamp-posts, vehicles, and even park trees being almost equally crowded, yet not only was the most perfect order observed, but the most perfect silence maintained. In the centre of the square were squadrons of Guards and Hussars, with companies of the Royal Regiment of Gardes, representative detachments from the Garde Civique, both cavalry and infantry, all with their colours shrouded in heavy crepe. Mixed in the groups of officers who commanded there were to be seen the white uniforms of Austria, the grey and blue dress of the Russians, the bright scarlet of the English arm, the deep blue of Prussia, and officers from Wurtemberg, Saxony, Portugal, and Bavaria. Some of the uniforms of the older corps were quaint enough, exactly recalling to mind the old grenadier costumes worn by the artillery company nearly two centuries ago; but the great mass was rich and tasteful, and looked very well, even under the foggy veil of a December morning and when the spectators had nothing else to look at for some three hours.

The officials invited to take part in the ceremonies at the Palace began to arrive soon after nine o'clock. As they alighted at the chief entrance they were escorted up the staircase, all hung with black, except upon the landings, where the crepe gloom was broken by small hatchments, which even made the general effect of the interior of the palace, if possible, more funeral than ever. Yet somehow as these wide black unfrequented staircases at first appeared, they seemed by contrast almost cheerful to the great saloons to which they gave admittance. All the shutters were closed, all the blinds and curtains drawn. A few streaky rays of half dawn peered through them here and there, just enough to show where tables and vases were to be avoided, and now and then enable one to discern the outlines of the pictures and mirrors with which the lofty walls were garnished. Silence and darkness seemed the rule. Occasionally the latter was dispipated as some of the royal mourners passed through the saloons to the White Drawing-room, where the body lay in state; and from this regal chamber, where the doors were thrown wide, came the glare of lights from many candelabra, seeming all the more brilliant from their contrast with the heavy piles of velvet drapery which surrounded the coffin. On the previous night the body had been laid in its coffin. There were four of these, and all of great size. The first was a very massive one of lead; the second and third of oak three inches thick, and lined with lead; the fourth and last a massive case of ebony of great weight and thickness, but unadorned except by a black plate with the simple inscription—

"S. M. LEOPOLD IER.
"GEORGE JOSEPH FREDERIC,
"ROI DES BELGES."

Only the immediate members of the late king's family were present when the body was enclosed, and the coffin at last restored to its place under the gorgeous looking canopy. Then all the insignia of the orders worn by him were removed, and, except the paintings and mirrors of the great White Drawing-room, there was nothing to break the monotony of dark colours and which the bier was left to rest.

None remained in this chamber on the morning of the funeral. Its doors were kept shut and guarded by equerries, for only the royal family and royal mourners were allowed to enter and take their last look at the coffin of their relative. Their entry and departure through the great doors let out a flood of light, sufficiently marked, but beyond these occasional gleams the obscurity of the rooms that adjoined it was unbroken. Before ten the officials had begun to assemble in the saloons, and the few servants, their splendid liveries only partly hid by long crapes, were superseded by equerries, groomes of the chambers, and high officials, who marshalled all to the chambers in which they were to wait till all was ready. The Ministry, the ambassadors, and the senate, occupied the three saloons leading from the new king's private apartments to the White Drawing-room, in which the coffin lay. Beyond this the ministers of the various tribunals of law and commerce and of the chambers were assembled, all in official costume or evening dress. As the crowd of uniforms, royal municipal, and diplomatic, gradually filled the chief saloons, the top of the long silence was at last thawed, and when the thaw did set in it went on very rapidly. At first it was only a whisper that was ventured on—then talking; then very general talking, until an air of suppressed vivacity and universal good spirits seemed to pervade the company. All of a sudden this was checked by the entrance of two equerries, who requested all to rise and arrange themselves on either side of the saloons, as the King was approaching. A total silence followed this announcement, and all the officials took their places and remained waiting now very quietly. Three times the great doors at the end of the saloon were thrown open, but only to give ingress to some high officers of state, and slowly, but surely, the half-smothered talk grew up again, subsiding as instantly as before, when the doors were opened time after time, but still no King appearing. Almost at the last moment, at ten minutes before eleven, the great entrance of the chamber was thrown open, and, preceded by his chamberlains and officers of the household, the King came slowly in. His appearance denoted more than mere anxiety or mere fatigue. On his left walked the King of Portugal in a superb uniform, but which, like the uniforms of all the other illustrious relatives, was covered deeply with the usual signs of military mourning. Behind the King came his brother, the Comte de Flandres, and the Comte de Hainault. The Prince of Wales, who

wore the full uniform of a field-marshal, followed, with the Prince of Prussia. After them came the Archduke Joseph of Austria, Prince Louis of Baden, Prince Arthur (in Highland garb), the Grand Duke of Baden, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince George of Saxe, the Prince of Wurtemberg, the Prince Presumptive of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince de Joinville, the Duke d'Anjou, and the Duke de Nemours. Next followed the envoys extraordinary of various foreign States—General Count de Grabbe (Russia), Count de Blyant (Holland), Lieutenant-General de Bapleim (Wurtemberg), Baron de Eloitin (Saxe-Meiningen), Field-Marshal Count de Neipperg (Austria), Duke de Bessano (France), Lord Sydney and General Grey (Great Britain), Count de Seebach (Saxe-Royal), Baron de Beau-Hen (Saxe-Weimar and Saxe-Altenburg), Count de Hompesch (Prussia), and Baron de Seebach (Saxe-Coburg-Gotha). To these succeeded the diplomatic representatives of the various foreign Courts, the President of the Senate and the Chamber of Representatives, the royal ministers, and the members of the Cabinet, who followed as the royal mourners moved to the White Room. Then all the doors leading to it were thrown open, and the chief mourners passed at once to the head of the room. On the left of the coffin stood the King of Portugal, with the Counts of Flanders and Hainault and the Prince of Prussia. On the right the King, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Arthur, while the various representatives of foreign Courts stood grouped around the foot of the bier. A massive silver crucifix had been placed at the head of the coffin, but that had been the only change made during the morning. As soon as the subdued noise caused by the influx of the great tide of officials had subsided, the Rev. Mr. Becker, one of the Protectors of the King, commenced the service for the dead. It was very rapidly uttered, and, of course, in French. When that portion of the ritual was arrived at where the body is lowered to the grave the prayers ceased, and the Rev. gentleman proceeded to deliver the funeral oration, which now forms almost a necessary part of all important Continental funerals. It had, it was stated, been made a special request that this part of the ceremony should be brief. Nevertheless, the Rev. pastor's eulogium on the late King's virtues occupied nearly half an hour in delivery, and would probably have been still more lengthy in point of time but for the remarkable volubility with which the words were poured forth. So rapid, indeed, was the speaker's utterance that it was not only difficult to hear his words, but even to follow the context of his sentence. During the whole time, however, the distinguished audience he was addressing remained as mute and almost as motionless as the mourners who stood around the coffin. It may be possible that the many officials who had gathered together in the saloon leading to the White Drawing-room were quite out of reach of hearing the Rev. gentleman's exhortation; in any case, the fact remains that a continued buzz of earnest conversation arose from the ante-rooms, in sufficient volume to prevent those who strove to attend to the funeral oration from clearly hearing the speaker.

Not only before the funeral sermon had begun, but before the service commenced, or even before the royal mourners had entered the White Drawing-room, the first detachment of the long funeral procession had left the Palace, and was almost half a mile away. It would be a mere needless iteration to recapitulate the programme of this great ceremony, and point out how every department, civil, military, judicial, and ecclesiastical, had their representatives in the cortege. Yet, it was only as the last of these various State officers had filed away that the funeral oration ceased, and left time to marshal the ambassadors and special ministers of foreign Courts in their due order of precedence. This was done in the ante-room, and in a few minutes the chamber where the body lay was deserted by all save the chief mourners. Not until all had left did they quit their positions at the side of the coffin; nor, indeed, then, until the detachments of non-commissioned officers, selected from different regiments of the Belgian army, appeared to carry the late King away. Then the mourners left the chamber as the word was given by the Chamberlain, and the ponderous coffin was with difficulty moved a few steps by fifteen powerful men. It seemed curious that the only sounds which now broke the silence as the royal family moved away were the muttered words "lenex" and "halte," as the companies of soldiers each brought the coffin a few steps on and then had to rest it. Its weight was so great that nearly half an hour was occupied in getting it down the stairs to the grand entrance. As the coffin was being slowly carried down from stair to stair the state funeral car, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, and drawn by eight black horses, drew up in front of the palace in design it was certainly all that a monarch's hearse should be. In execution, however, its effect was spoiled by the substitution of gold instead of silver decorations. It was a very large and very lofty catafalque. The lower part was hid with velvet fringed with gold. Above was a kind of second story, on which were emblazoned the shields of the nine great provinces of Belgium. Over all was the conventional bomb, with the royal mantle draped with crepe and the crown and sceptre laid upon it. At each of the four corners of the car were pilades filled with incense. These, however, burnt so quickly and sent forth such flames, that when the hearse reached the palace some fear was excited lest they should ignite the draperies, and the attendants who followed with baskets of charcoal to keep the urns burning were dispensed with. In the basement of the royal car the coffin was laid, and superb wreaths of golden immortelles on velvet concealed it from public view. Close following the car were the household officers and private domestics of the late King, and after them the state charger of the illustrious deceased was led covered with crepe housings. No music was played, no drums beaten, nor trumpets blown; only the sound of the minute gun proclaimed when the procession, or rather the funeral car had left the palace, and as it did so the great bells of St. Gudule were rung "backwards," and their confused peals boomed out in a strange tangle of sound.

Following the funeral car came the royal carriages. The first contained Leopold II, the King of Portugal, and the Count of Flanders. The second, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Prince Royal of Prussia, Archduke Joseph of Austria, and the Prince of Wurtemberg. In the third was the Prince of Saxony, the Grand Duke William of Baden, Prince Louis of Hesse, and his Royal Highness Prince Arthur. The fourth royal carriage contained the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duke d'Anjou. In the fifth and last of the carriages allotted to royalty were the Prince Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen and the Duke of Cambridge.

Before the carriages had left the palace the great bulk of the procession was well on its way to Laeken, leaving a long train of ambassadorial, ministerial, and official carriages still to follow. The whole cortege was more than a mile in length.

No mishap, however, occurred; and the rest of the way, a broad open thoroughfare as far as the church, was traversed speedily. The route from here was deeply lined with troops, both regulars and volunteers, and backed on either side by dense and eager crowds.

Just within the royal domain stands the very old but not the less poor-looking church of Laeken. It can only, however, be regarded as a temporary royal chapel, for close beside it is rising a handsome structure. At the end of the Avenue de la Reine stands the new church of Laeken, roughly blocked out in outline, and imperfect both outside and inside. Passing to the left of this, the funeral cortege approached the old church, in which the late queen is buried, and where the vault had been prepared for the remains of King Leopold. In order to obviate any question which might be raised by the Catholic clergy as to the performance of a Protestant service in an edifice consecrated according to their rites a temporary chapel had been prepared. The chief dignitaries of the Roman

Church, however, held a meeting, at which it was agreed to waive any objection of this nature, but, as the temporary chapel had been prepared it was used for the concluding service, and there the chief mourners and the rest of the company assembled before the coffin was carried to the vault. The Rev. Mr. Vent, one of the most distinguished ministers of the Reformed Church of Belgium, read the prayers, and a chant specially composed for the occasion was sung with much feeling by the Lyric Society of Brussels.

The procession was then reformed and passed through the church to the side where the vault was opened, and the coffin was deposited therein amid the hushed and solemn silence of the spectators. In future the grave will be approached by a gate-way opening from the cemetery, so as to give access without rendering it necessary to enter the church.

Before the procession had left the palace,—indeed, before the funeral car was out of sight, workmen were busy tearing away the scarcely-finished mourning draperies in which the palace was half hidden. It is the old story of "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!"

THE LAYING IN STATE OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

A BRUSSELS letter has the following:—"So the civilized world, as it is called, has erred in believing that the custom of showing a corpse, dressed as for some great occasion in life, has departed from palaces. Half Brussels—one feels almost tempted to assert as much, having seen the struggling crowd at the gates of the plain but royal edifice that looks from the south-west over that well-timbered enclosure which, being not more than six times the size of a London square, is dignified by the title of "public park"—half Brussels, or some very considerable proportion thereof, has this day seen the body of King Leopold, attired in full military uniform, and lying on an inclined plane, with the soles of its dress boots and the cloth straps of its tight dress trousers turned towards the spectators, and with the head raised high enough to bring the right but calm and peaceful features into view. On tall and massive candlesticks burned large clusters of waxen torches, while other masses of light depended from the roof. There was a canopy at the far end, made of some black fabric, sprinkled thickly with small golden figures of the Belgic lion, and lined inside with ermine. The apex of this canopy was a large crown. In the centre, beneath, reposed the body of the king, dressed, as I have already mentioned, in uniform. A perfectly unavoidable revelation, such as I have felt all my life from waxwork, was the first feeling I experienced at sight of this figure. As I suppose it would have been the feeling of most people who will read these words, and as I am pretty sure it was the feeling of many persons who were fellow-witnesses with me to-day, I do not hesitate, on my own part, to record it. That the sight is one to be forgotten is most unlikely; whether or not it is one to be minutely described must of course be a question for the describer; and I solve it to the best of my conscience, though possibly to the worst of my taste. The position of the body, even raised as it was, caused it to be seen fore-shortened. The shoulders, therefore, with their large golden epaulettes, seemed to be drawn up higher than they may in reality have been. The military collar, brought close up to the ear, and against the jaw-bone, made the muscles of the cheeks appear more pendant than in life, causing, in fact, an exaggeration of a peculiarity in the late king's face. The expression was remarkably tranquil, and free from the traces of pain; neither was there any visible emotion. The reflected lights counteracted the pallor that must have been there; for no pallor was apparent. Except that the eyes were closed, and that a near inspection brought to notice a few disfigurements, the effects of disease, the aspect of this kingly corpse was marvellously akin to that of a wax effigy. The simulation of life, and of living habits and characteristics, even to the careful adjustment of the brown peruke, the stride of the straightened legs, and the half headless, half systematic manner of wearing the loose white gloves, with the fingers stretched apart, was—there is but one adjective that will serve the purpose of strict truth—awful."

KING LEOPOLD.—The Paris journals publish several anecdotes of the deceased king. The following is one:—"The king, during his visits to Paris, was fond of going about as a private individual, and one day he entered the Cafe du Helder, which is much frequented by officers of the French army. All the tables were occupied, but the king remarking one at which a gentleman was seated alone, asked permission of the latter to share it with him. 'With pleasure,' replied the other, who was an officer; and, judging from the appearance of the king that he was a military man, added, 'Without doubt, you wear the uniform also?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And you are, I am sure, among the higher grades?' 'Yes, my grade is rather high.' 'I beg your pardon, general, for such you must be, for my curiosity,' said respectfully the officer, who, thinking he was perhaps talking to one of his superiors, began to feel embarrassed at his own familiarity. 'General,' replied the king, gaily, at the same time slipping his coffee, 'better than that.' The officer thought his new acquaintance was jesting, and began to look angry, but at that moment arrived a third person, who after bowing to Leopold, commenced speaking to him in a low tone, but audibly enough for the officer to overhear the word 'Sire.' The king now rose to follow the new-comer, and, observing from the surprised look of the officer that his own rank was discovered, said, 'You now know what uniform I wear, and if you will become further acquainted with me, come to Brussels on your next voyage, and we will drink together to the health of France, which I love, and to the glory of the French army, which I admire.'"

MURDER OF AN ACTOR IN RUSSIA.—The Russian Gazette of St. Petersburg publishes the following details of the assassination of an actor named Koulebiakine:—"Some short time since a company of actors arrived at Tambel at Balasch, where they gave some representations. At the close of one of the performances, M. Koulebiakine was invited to supper by one of the spectators. Whilst taking their seats in a restaurant, they were escorted by a certain M. Dokoukine, a landed proprietor of the neighbourhood, known for his quarrelsome character. He reproached the actor with having played his part ill. 'Will you replace me,' said the latter, 'and I shall then see what you can make of it?' Although this reply was perfectly inoffensive, M. Dokoukine gave the other a slap in the face, and in return was vigorously attacked by the actor and received a good beating. The bystanders separated the combatants. Champagne was brought, and peace appeared to be made; but M. Dokoukine was bent on vengeance. He returned to his own house, loaded a fowling-piece with ball, and, proceeding to the hotel inhabited by M. Koulebiakine, knocked at the door of his apartment. The actor opened to inquire what was wanted, and was immediately fired at point-blank by the other. 'Why have you killed me?' gasped the dying man. 'Because you deserved to die like a dog!' was the reply. The assassin then entered the coffee-room of the hotel, extended himself on a sofa, and went to sleep, as if nothing particular had happened. In the meantime, however, messengers were sent to the police, to a surgeon, and to a priest. M. Koulebiakine confessed himself, took the sacrament, and died a few moments after."

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Robinson & Co. in London. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co." [Advertisement]

Dr BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH RESTORING AND INFANT'S FOOD the Brevetee Analogue, yields twice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience Dyspepsia (Indigestion) Cough Asthma Consumption Debility Palpitation of the heart, Constipation Diarrhoea, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins at 1s. 1d., 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., 12s. 6d., 24s. 6d. At all grocers. [Advertisement]



CHRISTMAS AT THE TAVERN.—RAFFLING FOR POULTRY.

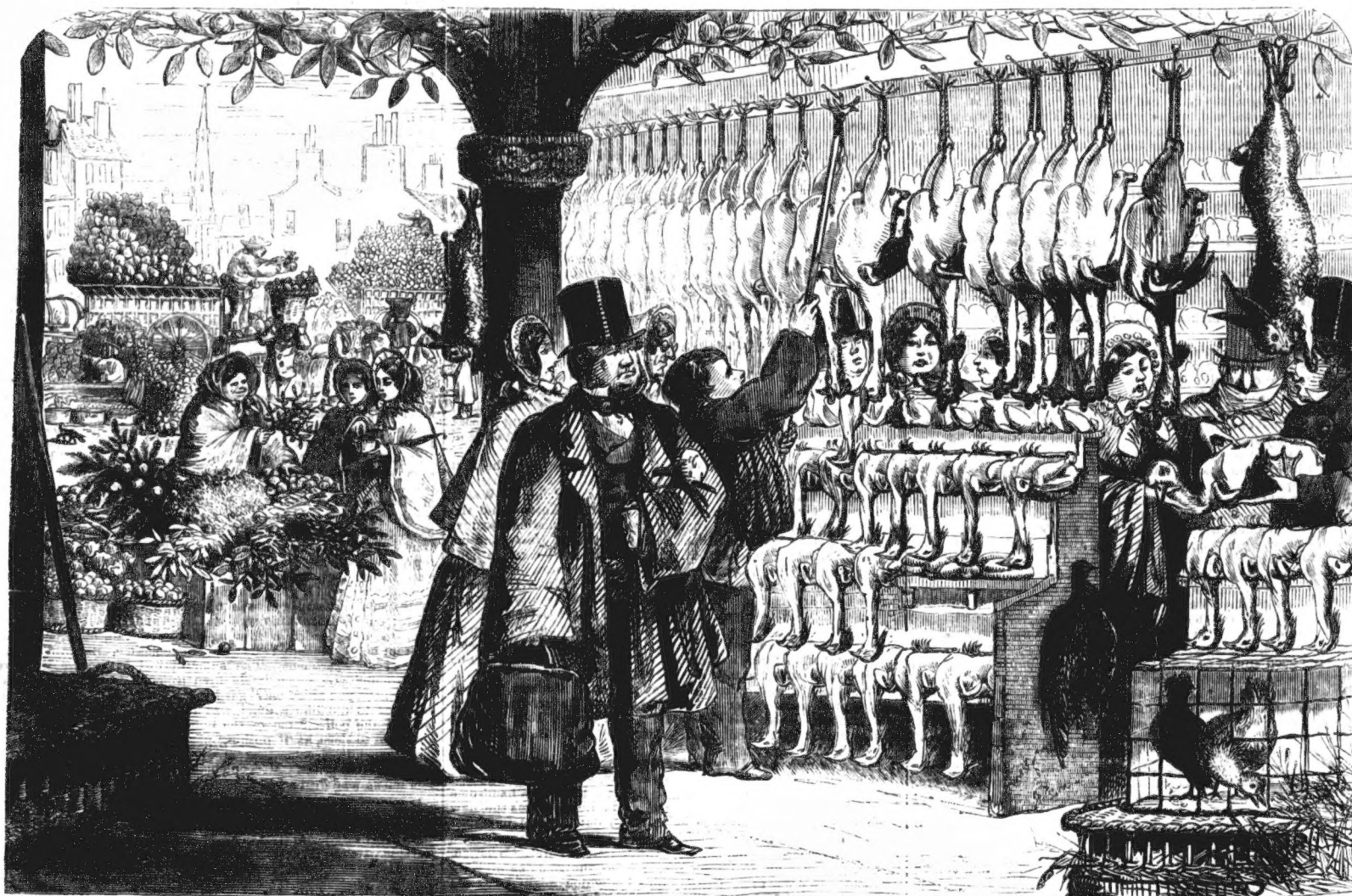
CHRISTMAS CHEER.

On our first page we gave our readers a peep at Covent Garden at Christmas time; now we will take a walk through the streets, and see the hubbub and the merry fuss that Old Christmas causes.

Look at the poulterers, and notice the rows and rows of turkeys hanging up by their legs in a state of nudity, waiting to be dressed

for dinner. How ugly their breasts and thighs look until they are roasted! They have only a few black feathers in their wings, as if they hadn't been thoroughly shaved—about as many in proportion as an arrow has. The red bags under their throats makes you think the blood has flown to their heads from their stopping so long in the antipodean attitude. Cast a glance at the butcher's shop, and admire those fearful sides of beef lacquered over with yellow

fat. Be kind enough to notice the entire carcasses of sheep. They look very shiny and sore; they are ornamented with stars most gracefully tattooed into the red parts. Notice the quality of the meat; just peep at the inside, where the stick keeps the ribs apart, like the seat in a canoe. Father Christmas sent that excellent boiling and roasting mutton up to London, as he also did these "legs and shoulders" hanging in rows, as thick as bells at an



CHRISTMAS IN THE MARKET.—BUYING POULTRY.

hotel, and those immense red lumps of beef that tremble when they are touched. There are a good many uncooked dinners in that shop. The butcher shouts out "Buy, buy," as if he thought so too; but Father Christmas has a rare appetite, and can play a wonderfully good knife and fork.

Go to any of the grocer's, where the fifty lamps are burning, and the poster headed "Excellent Fruits," is stuck up outside. Did you ever see such mounds of "Valencias" at 6d., or such piles of "very superior currants" at 5d. They will all be boiling in another week. We don't know how a plum-pudding is made, but candied citron, with its mildew of sugar, must have something to do with it; and so have the sticks of cinnamon with which the square divisions of raisins are crossed, like heraldic quarterings.

And now let us enter the nearest "public" for a little refreshment, and make our way into the parlour. What a scene meets our eyes at the first glance through the clouds of smoke. A raffle is "on" for a Christmas dinner.

There, upon the hat pegs, hang poultry of various kinds—geese, turkeys, hares, &c. Amidst the hubbub of voices, we hear the rattle of the dice; and, if a high number is thrown, there is a shout of "How much for your chance?" The scene, however, is such a familiar one, that we need not describe it further; our illustrations on the previous page convey to the eye all that is necessary.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Among the remnants of the olden charity in connection with the church, the distribution of *dole bread* is still kept up in many parts. Our illustration refers to the custom at the gate of the Palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth, where a number of aged women received the *dole bread* every week.

Dole bread was anciently gathered on All Saints' Day; and in Wales the custom is not yet forgotten. In the county of Mon-

mouth, more particularly, a custom prevails among the lower classes of the inhabitants, both Catholics and Protestants, of begging bread for the souls of the departed on the 1st of November, or All Saints' Day: the bread thus distributed is called *dole bread*; and its collection was carried on up to Christmas; when gradually the bread was called, and the poor then asked for a *dole*, thinking to receive something more substantial.

Our other illustration shows the "guisers" at Christmas time in the mining districts. Here the boys dress themselves out with strange masks, to render themselves as awful-looking objects as possible, and proceed at night, carrying turnip-lanterns, suspended on poles. They make the round of the neighbouring farm-houses, collecting money where they can.

"HODDING" IN KENT.—At Ramsgate, in Kent, they begin the festivities of Christmas by a curious musical procession. A party of young people procure the head of a dead horse, which is affixed

to a pole about four feet in length, a string is tied to the lower jaw, a horse cloth is then attached to the whole of it, under which one of the party gets, and by frequently pulling the string keeps up a very loud snapping noise, and is accompanied by the rest of the party grotesquely habited and ringing hand-bells. They thus proceed from house to house, sounding their bells and singing carols and songs. They are commonly gratified with beer and cake, or perhaps money. This is provincially called a *hoddening*; and the figure above described a *hoden*, or wooden horse. This curious ceremony is also observed in the Isle of Thanet on Christmas-eve, and is supposed to be an ancient relic of a festival ordained to commemorate our Saxon ancestors' landing in that island.

CHRISTMAS POTTAGE.—Amongst the customs observed on Christmas-eve, the Venetians eat a kind of pottage, which they call *torta de lasagne*, composed of oil, onions, paste, parsley, pine nuts, raisins, currants, and candied orange peel.



DISTRIBUTING THE WIDOW'S DOLE AT LAMBETH PALACE.



CHRISTMAS IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

to a pole about four feet in length, a string is tied to the lower jaw, a horse cloth is then attached to the whole of it, under which one of the party gets, and by frequently pulling the string keeps up a very loud snapping noise, and is accompanied by the rest of the party grotesquely habited and ringing hand-bells. They thus proceed from house to house, sounding their bells and singing carols and songs. They are commonly gratified with beer and cake, or perhaps money. This is provincially called a *hoddening*; and the figure above described a *hoden*, or wooden horse. This curious ceremony is also observed in the Isle of Thanet on Christmas-eve, and is supposed to be an ancient relic of a festival ordained to commemorate our Saxon ancestors' landing in that island.

MARSEILLES' FESTIVAL.—Macy festivals, abrogated in France by the Revolution, were revived under Bonaparte. Accordingly, at Marseilles on Christmas-eve, all the members of any family resident in the same town were invited to supper at the house of the senior of the

THE ASSAULT ON DR. HUNTER.

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The Recorder: He cannot say what she charged him with in his absence.

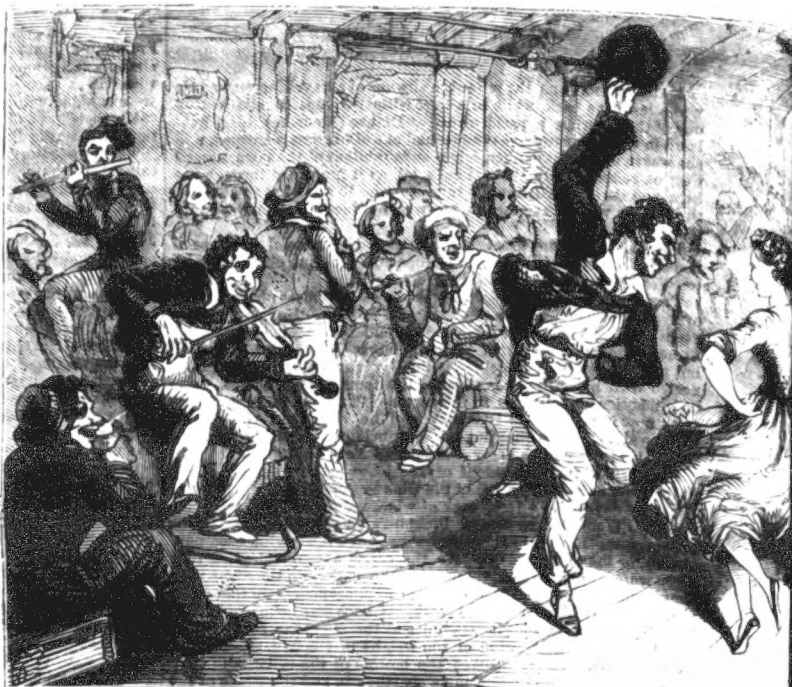
The Recorder remarked that Mr. Hunter had met the charges in the only way an innocent man could do.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROST'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-RO.
—Superior Harmoniums from £4 4s. 0d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free. [Advertisement.]

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

THERE seems to be one fact in the future which, by common consent, nothing is likely to interrupt. "Christmas is coming," is an assertion in every Christian's mouth, and no one ever presumes to doubt the certainty of a festival which boasts an antiquity of eighteen hundred and sixty-five years. Englishmen make a great effort to be merry at this epoch at least, and to the best of their respective means endeavour to render all happy around them. With the opulent, the participation in the luxuries of life is quotidian; the treasures of foreign vineyards and the French *cuisine* are ransacked to pamper the appetite and furnish forth the glittering table, to the exclusion of all the homely viands which covered the board of our grand-sires. Yet even the vitiated palate of the gourmet, cloyed for three hundred and sixty-four days, with the produce of the artist's skill and the gardens of France, does homage once a year to the good substantial fare which OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS has decreed shall distinguish his saturnalia. Could we, like another Devil on two Sticks, suddenly remove the roofs of houses or detach an entire frontage, so as to expose to observation the proceedings of this day in the dwellings of the natives of Great Britain, we should probably witness the same scenes enacted in ten thousand different places, with very slight shades of variety. Here we should see the rich and comfortable Old preparing himself for the double task of escorting his family to church, and of subsequently entertaining his friends or enjoying the advantage of their hospitality. Watch him through the day. How composedly he twirls his massive bunch of seals and keys pendant to a gold watch chain of alarmingly large links—how complacently he draws his shirt collar and cravat around his dewlap—with what an air he places his hand behind his coat, and gently raises his broad and respectable tail! He has done his duty, that man, done it like a good citizen and a Christian. He has given his wife a new gown, and his children new bonnets; the cheque which he drew yesterday for fifty pounds has been honoured, and on Tuesday the proceeds, now deposited in his tin box, will be distributed in annual gifts to devoted servants, favourite clerks, carolling dustmen, clean sweeps, ambulatory postmen, and all and sundry the humble fellow creatures who have ministered to the good man's comforts. How jovially he does the honours at his own table, or how very gay and facetious he is at the board of his old friend, who looks to him for the leading toast—he can make such a speech!—trusts to him to lead the jolly dance up the middle and down the middle, to Sir Roger de Coverley, and finally to brew the bowl of punch—such punch, too!—which is to send everybody home warm, and sleepy, and happy—and a little unsteady.

Let us look into another dwelling—and hark! what a chorus of joyous little voices greet the ear! The four little Smiths have invited the three little Browns and the five little Joneses, and there is a tiny ball, where everybody but baby dances, and baby looks on and shrieks and claps her little hands. See how they hop through the quadrille and bound through the polka—artless happy things, thinking only of their steps, hoping only for mamma's approbation, and strangers to all the suggestions of vanity and jealousy which disturb young hearts, in later years, even in the midst of revels. The music has ceased now, and the little twinkling feet are resting for a moment, while the little tongues have broken loose. What are they talking about? Pink frecks and sky-blue smashes assuredly come in for a word of admiration; but the great theme of the infantine discourse is the cake that is to come, and the sweet wine and the snapdragon! Won't there be fun and frolic neither? Won't there be laughter





and screams, and tricks, and burning little tips of tiny fingers, and greater laughter still when the pain all goes, which it does in a moment, and the raisins are in the mouth, all hot with strange blue fire, and piquant from the brandy that has touched them. Turn we now to the farm-house and the squire's hall. Bless us! Why the picture painted a hundred years ago serves to illustrate the doings of to-day. They are absolutely playing at blindman's buff, and under the wicked mistletoe kissing the blushing maidens, who wouldn't for worlds be kissed—oh, no!—and have done all they could to avoid being caught by the nice young man they most affect. Dear heart! what rollicking and frolicking there is, while the good old folks who remember how very jolly they used to be on similar occasions, in the days that are gone, sit cozily in the corner and enjoy the happy scenes before them. Now look round within the cottages and the humble dwellings of the poor of all orders. There is a fire alight in almost every house, and the bed in the corner of the room has an air of decent comfort about it. How is this? Why it is Christmas time, good sir, and there has been a generous distribution of coals and blankets among thousands of the poor, for the rich, from royalty downwards, do think of their suffering fellow-creatures at this season of the year, and stretch forth the helping hand, in defiance of the "virtuous indignation" school, to whose gratuitous strictures their bounty gives the lie.

Away on to the wild free ocean! There is a goodly ship walking the waters of the broad Atlantic, and a crew of genuine British tars, flushed with the extra allowance of grog, are footing it to the simple notes of an aged Cremona. Blithe hearts are they! Christmas at sea has its charms for them as well as for the dwellers on terra firma. They think, with a suppressed sigh, on the friends far away and tossing off the cheering cup to sweethearts and wives, resume the merry hop.

And now, let us hope that the ample preparations of which our immediate neighbourhood gives large token be neither unavailing nor lavishly employed. Every one can club his mite for a share of the beaves, the turkeys, and the geese: and if he finds superfluity at the feast, let him remember the shivering pauper at his door, and to add to his own pleasures by mitigating the sufferings of others. To the affluent tradesman and the prosperous merchant no word of injunction is necessary. Each will do his part by his humble neighbour, and the stranger who seeks his alms; and when he takes his place at his own board, and wishes a happy Christmas to his friends, he will not forget that there are others who are offering him the kindly compliments of the season, and amongst them are none more fervent in their good wishes than the proprietors of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

Finally, in review of the several facts to which we have referred in the course of these remarks, we may be allowed to urge the claims of the destitute upon those who have the power to do good. The rich companies of the City of London are remembering the poor, and are sending their munificent donations to the various police-courts. Philanthropists—anonymous and otherwise—are doing the same. There has never yet been too much for this purpose, and we trust there will be no stint under present circumstances. The poor in lodgings, as well as the poor without lodgings, have to be cared for, lest the former should be added to the latter, or made to swell the ranks of pauperism within the walls of our union workhouses. A little timely help when the snow is on the ground and work is at a standstill may preserve many a poor family from the final break-up of home, and may prevent a permanent addition to the melancholy host which feeds on the pauper loaf.



Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN—The great holiday entertainment at this theatre will be a splendidly-illustrated grand comic Christmas pantomime, entitled "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp; or, Harlequin and the Flying Palace." The author is Mr. E. L. Blanchard; the scenery, by Mr. T. Grieve; the characteristic music by Mr. W. H. Montgomery; the ballet has been designed and arranged by M. Desplazes, and the whole of the stage arrangements under the supervision of Mr. William West. The pantomime will commence with the show of Abanazar the "African Magician" represented by Mr. W. H. Payne, who to the horror of his dumb slave Kazrac (Mr. F. Payne) receives a visit from the terrible Bo Ghee, chief of the Efreeti or Spirit of Darkness, in response to the invocation necessary to learn the spot where the "Wonderful Lamp" is to be found. An elaborate scene representing a street in Canton at early morning, with the opening of the shops, and the peculiar business carried on by the Chinese tradesmen, will be found highly characteristic. Here the Magician, disguised as the uncle of Aladdin, (Miss Rachel Sanger), lures the youth away from his mother, the Widow Obing-Obing (Mr. Charles Seyne), and here the arrival of the Princess Badroulbador, (Miss Blanche Elliston) and her attendant's gives occasion for a grand incidental ballet. To the Cedar Valley in Blue Mountains, the Magician brings Aladdin and there employs him in the mystic incantation which reveals the opening to the cavern. Descending to the subterranean Garden of Jewels where the Wonderful Lamp is seen burning, Aladdin passes through a series of remarkable adventures and finds the fate to which the Magician doomed him not so disagreeable as he at first imagined. With the aid of the Genius of the Ring (Miss Deane) and the Fairy of the Diamond (Miss Wever), Aladdin makes his escape and returns to the house of his mother, where the Genius of the Lamp speedily exhibits the marvellous powers of the talisman. Application is made to the grand Cham (Mr. R. H. Lingham) for the hand of his daughter, the Princess Badroulbador; and the splendid palace is built in compliance with the conditions exacted. Of course the Magician, in the guise of a pedlar, persuades the Princess to part with the old lamp for a new one; and borne on the broad wings of the Genii of the Lamp, the Flying Palace conveys away Abanazar and the Princess. Ultimately Aladdin recovers the beautiful Badroulbador. Bo Ghee appears to punish the Magician, and the rewards are distributed in the effulgent beams of the "Wonderful Lamp of Day," designed and manufactured by Mr. T. Grieve, who thus supplies a transformation scene, which is reasonably expected will become the object of most enthusiastic admiration. The harlequinade, with Mr. Harry Payne as clown, Mr. Fred Payne as harlequin, Middle Esther as columbine, and the veteran Paul Herring as pantaloon, will abound with humorous touches on passing topics and ingenious mechanical changes. There will be morning performances of the pantomime every Wednesday and Saturday.

DRURY LANE—Monday evening last was an extra night, for the benefit of Mr. F. B. Chatterton. "Othello" was performed on the occasion. Mr. Anderson sustaining the part of the Moor, and Mr. Phelps Iago. The comic drama of "Galway Gap" followed. The house was crowded in every part. On Boxing-night, the pantomime of "Little King Pippin" will be produced, on a scale of great magnificence.

HAYMARKET—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Turpin, the obliging box booker, took his benefit, and was rewarded with a crowded house. Mr. Southern returns to this establishment on Boxing-night, when "Brother Sam" will be presented, and a new extravaganza by Mr. Planche.

THE THEATRES are now all closed, preparatory to opening for the pantomimes on Tuesday, of which we shall give a full account in our next.

THE ALLEGHANIAN—The clever vocalists and hand-bell ringers performing under this title at the St. James's Hall have been attracting the most enthusiastic audiences at that place. Their parting is very characteristic and melodious; while their performance on the hand-bells are really wonderful. They are a welcome addition to our Christmas entertainments, and we advise all lovers of harmony to pay them a visit.

MR. AND MRS. O'KEAR—The *St. Louis Democrat* of Nov. 28th, says:—"The O'Kears commenced an engagement of five nights last evening at De Bar's Opera House, the attraction being Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' The house was filled to repletion, ladies in many instances being unable to obtain seats. To-night Mr. O'Kear appears as Sir Edward Mortimer."

MR. HENRY CORRIE is suffering from illness, the severity of which excites the grave apprehensions of his friends. Dr. Quinn and Dr. Walsh, his medical advisers, still hold out hopes of his recovery; but under the most favourable circumstances some months must elapse before he will be able to resume his professional duties.

VAN AMBURG, the great lion-tamer and successful manager of menageries, and well known in Europe and America, died suddenly on Wednesday, the 29th of November, at a Philadelphia hotel.

A MESSENGER TALE—Madame Travers, the wife of the owner of a travelling menagerie, was three days back, while in a cage with two leopards, attacked by one of them during a performance at Dineux (Meurthe). Her husband, in endeavouring to save her, had one of his wrists crushed, and she was still in imminent danger, when an inhabitant of the town, named Orlot, seized firmly the animal's tail as it protruded through the bars, and the leopard having turned round to see what this meant, the woman was able to escape, but with her face and shoulder badly torn.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first Christmas performance of the "Messiah" was given on Friday evening, the 15th, and attracted one of the largest audiences ever congregated within Exeter Hall. Hundreds, indeed, were sent away from the doors. The execution of the "Messiah" presented few points for criticism. Miss Edmonds, who sang the soprano music, for the first time in public, abundantly proved her fitness to undertake leading parts in oratorio. The florid passages in "Rejoice greatly," were given with great precision, admirable accent, and apparent ease. Mr. Sims Reeves was in fine voice as when he appeared in "Israel in Egypt," a fortnight previously, and never sang the tenor music more splendidly and perfectly. With Madame Ralston-Dolby as contralto, and Mr. Weiss as bass, we need not say how excellently these two parts were sung throughout. Mr. Coates managed with infinite tact to refuse accepting accolades, although several strenuous attempts were made to have certain pieces repeated; and the general effect of the performance was greatly enhanced by having the oratorio executed from first to last without interruption.

VERY COMFORTABLE—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones, the Dentist, of 1, St. Paul, and 55, O'Connell-street, Hyde Park, has just exhibited a new system with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose teeth are as secure as if protected. No springs are used and there is no pain. [Advertisement.]

A COUGH, COLD OR AN IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious pulmonary and bronchial affections, frequently incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL REMEDY, which reaches directly the affected parts and gives almost instant relief in BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH, they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1s. 1d. per box. [Advertisement.]

The Court.

The Queen, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Hohenlohe, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel, Windsor.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster preached the sermon. The Queen, with Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and Princess Hohenlohe, left the Castle on Monday morning at a quarter past ten o'clock for Osborne.

The suite consisted of Lady Churchill, Lady Caroline Harrington, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, Major-General the Hon. A. N. Hood, Lieutenant-Colonel Du Plat, Mr. Bull, Mr. Sahl, and the Master of the Household.

Lady Churchill has succeeded the Countess of Galesdon as Lady in Waiting to the Queen.

Her Majesty, it is understood, will reside in Osborne for a period of about nine weeks, and it is expected that on the occasion of the Sovereign opening parliament in person on the 1st of February, the Queen will on that day leave Osborne for town, and after the performance of the ceremony return immediately to the Isle of Wight.

We understand that on receiving the intelligence of the death of her lamented son-in-law, the King of the Belgians, who, since his marriage with our Princess Charlotte, had been life possessor of Claremont, Queen Marie Amelie wrote to our Queen, placing at her Majesty's disposal that residence which Queen Marie Amelie has occupied since the revolution of 1848. — *Court Journal*.

The marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Helena and Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Angelsburg, it is expected, will take place in the summer of next year. The permanent residence of their royal highnesses will be at Frogmore Lodge, in which great improvements are to be made by the introduction of two extra wings. The residence of this amiable princess so near to the Castle will afford much comfort to the Queen, who has long expressed a wish that at least one of her daughters should always be near her. — *Court Journal*.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

The approach of the "festive season" is proverbial for soaring members from the subscription room, and Monday afternoon proved no exception to the rule. The attendance was limited, and speculation on the Derby inactive, only two or three animals being required after with any spirit. The "fashiness" about Lord Lyon last week made its presence felt again. Layers were in a majority, for after eight fifties were laid, another gentleman, who had "only a small hedging commission," managed to book the same odds to £100. John Day's stable has for some time exhibited signs of coming into great form, and Rustic was again in force, 8 to 1 being taken so kindly, that at last 15 to 2 was the highest offer. After 10 to 1 had been accepted about Student, a point less was put down to a small sum, but we doubt if even that price could have been obtainable to money. The only feature of the afternoon was the improved position of Redan, about whom 1,000 to 45 was booked on the quiet. 1,000 to 20 was laid five times against the Bravery colt—a succession of investment which gave occasion for unkind remarks, such, indeed, as would lead to the belief that this colt is in the hands of certain clever mortuary artists. After fifty "fifties" had been laid against the Midsummer colt, 1,000 to 15 was offered. The remainder of the quotations will be found in the subjoined list of closing prices:—

TWO THOUSAND—7 to 2 agst Mr. Merry's Student (off); 7 to 2 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (off).

DARBY—15 to 2 agst Duke of Devonshire's Rustic (off); 8 to 1 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (off); 9 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's The Student (off); 1,000 to 45 agst Lord St. Vincent's Redan (off); 1,000 to 40 agst Baron Rothschild's Jasher (off); 1,000 to 35 agst Marquis of Hastings's Blue Bird (off); 80 to 1 agst Mr. T. S. Dawson's Stabber (off); 1,000 to 20 agst Lord Albury's Colby (off); 1,000 to 45 agst Lord Exeter's Knight of the Crescent (off); 1,000 to 12 agst Mr. St. George's Tom King (off); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. W. Day's Colby (off); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. St. Albans's Doraline (off).

PLACE BETTING.—200 to 100 agst Lord Lyon (off); 200 to 100 agst Rustic (off); 600 to 100 agst Redan (off); 800 to 100 agst Colby (off); 1,200 to 100 agst Colby (off); 1,200 to 100 agst Colby (off); 1,200 to 100 agst Colby (off).

AQUATICS.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £100—On Monday afternoon, another of those events which always create an unusual amount of interest came off between a Manchester man and a Londoner, but although the stake was £50 a side, certain circumstances had induced the result, and the betting fraternity were justified in the odds they laid. The competitors were Thomas Wise, of Hammersmith, and Edward Barratt, of Manchester, and they had engaged to row for £50 a side from Putney to Mortlake. Wise has earned unto himself a name by his easy victory over several well-known men; while Barratt, who had won several races in Manchester, had earned additional renown by defeating Frank Kilsby, of Lambeth, a short time since. As, however, Wise had meanwhile also disposed of Kilsby in a rather easy manner, a supposition arose that Barratt would have but little chance against his present opponent, and in many instances as much as three to one and four to one was laid that Wise would win, a state of odds which, as we have said before, was warranted by the result. The instant they started Wise drew to the front, and increased his lead in the easiest possible manner, so that by the time they reached the Point there were two lengths between them. Barratt rowed pluckily, but in most awkward fashion, and simply fell behind rather than that Wise went ahead. At Hammersmith-bridge Wise led by four or five lengths; he merely paddled the remainder of the distance, and ultimately won by six lengths, in twenty-six minutes thirty seconds, Barratt being much distressed.

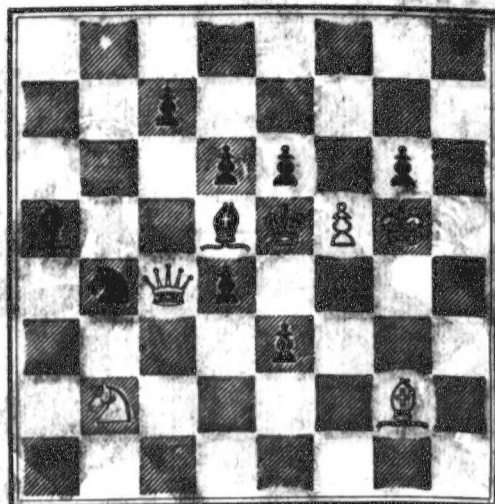
ANDREWING SIMPLICITY—Some days ago, at one of the Dumfries fairs, a young woman, too obviously "from the country," was seen standing with a very perplexed air at the pillar letter-box in Nith-place in front of the Mechanics' Institution. She was observed to knock several times on the top of the iron pillar, but obtaining no response, she passed round to the opposite side, and raising the cover of the slot in which letters are placed, she applied her mouth to the aperture, and called out, loud enough for the amused bystanders to hear, "Can ye let me have a postage stamp?" — *Glasgow Mercury*.

IRON-BASE BLOCK OF GRANITE—The base for the Wellington Monument at Stranraer, which left Penryn last week by rail, the block weighs 35 tons, and the packing 2½ tons—gross, 37½ tons; the truck which received it weighs 8 tons—total 45½ tons. The length of the truck was about 25ft.; the wheel base 14ft. only. It was removed by special train, and passed safely over the Cornwall and the South Devon lines.

YOUNG'S ASSOCIATED JUNK AND BRONZE PLANTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observe the Trade Mark—L. Y.—without which some are genuine. May be had of most respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale Manufacturer, 16, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate-street, E.C., London. [Advertisement.]

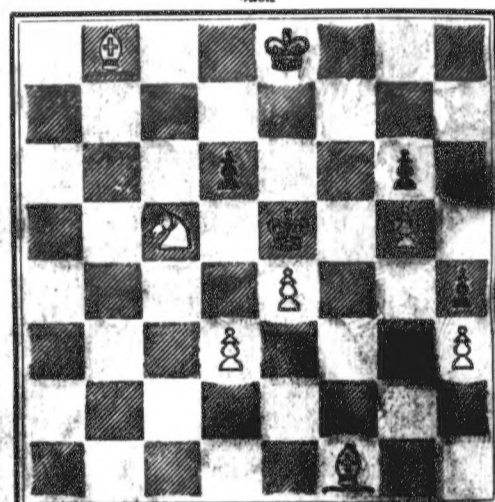
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 318.—By C. W. (Sunbury).
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.
(From the "Chess World".)

PROBLEM No. 319.—By G. S. J.
Black.



White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game between Mr. J. White (of Lowick) and another amateur.

White	Black
Mr. J. White	Mr. T. C. D.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. K to K5	2. K to Q5
3. B to K5	3. B to Q5
4. B to Q5	4. B takes P
5. P to Q5	5. B to Q5
6. Castles	6. P to Q5
7. P to Q4	7. P takes P
8. P takes P	8. B to K5
9. B to K5	9. B to K5
10. P to Q5	10. K to K5
11. B to K5	11. K to K5
12. Castles	12. Castles
13. B to K5	13. B to K5
14. P to K5	14. B to K5
15. P to Q5	15. P to Q5
16. P takes P	16. Q takes P
17. K to K5	17. K takes K
18. K takes Q	18. K takes K
19. B takes K	19. K takes K
20. Q to K5	20. K to K5
21. Q to K5	21. Q to K5
22. Q takes K	22. Q to K5
23. B to K5	23. B takes K
24. B takes K	24. Q takes K
25. B takes Q	25. P takes Q
26. B to Q5	26. K to Q5
27. B takes Q	27. B takes P
28. K to Q5	28. P to Q5
29. B takes K	29. K takes B
30. K takes Q	30. K to Q5
31. K takes Q	31. K to K5

(a) This move is recommended in the English Handbook, but it is now acknowledged to be inadvisable.
(b) The correct reply.
(c) If 10 Q to Q5, Black retakes with K to Q5.
(d) We should have preferred Q to Q2.
(e) Ingeniously conceived, but Black has too firm a hold of him to be easily shaken off.
(f) 25 P to Q5 looks better, but in any case, Black has a very difficult game before him.

Answers to several correspondents are unavoidably postponed till next week.

A NEW CRIME—A hairdresser in the Quartier Montmartre has been charged before the police-court with a series of singular assaults. With the assistance of an accomplice, who appears to be known by his associates as "the assassin," he has been in the habit of enticing into his shop poor ignorant girls with fine heads of hair, and then depriving them by violence of their locks, not infrequently adding insult to injury. The police discovered in his shop numerous letters from his victims, upbraiding him with his cruelty. A young girl of sixteen had the courage to denounce the ruffian to the police, undeterred by his threats of having her imprisoned as a vagabond, and there is abundant evidence to insure his conviction. The only defence was that he dealt largely in false tresses and chignons, and was obliged to find materials the best way he could. — *Full-mail Gazette*.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS
MANSION HOUSE.

NON-PAYMENT OF TITHES.—Mr. George Henry Farrington, of 17, Great Kington-street, Doctors' Commons, attended before the Lord Mayor on a summons for the non-payment of tithes. Mr. Woodcock, of the firm of Clarke, Woodcock, and Ryland, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn fields, attended on the part of the complainants. The complainants were Messrs John Wotherspoon, Thomas Lane Oward, and Joseph Woodcock, the persons entitled to the tithes appertaining to the rectory and parsonage of the parish of St. Gregory, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and it was alleged on their part that the defendant had refused to pay £6 17s 6d, the amount of four quarters' tithes due at Michaelmas last, in respect of the premises he occupies in Great Kington-street. The defendant, who was understood to be a member of the Society of Friends, in answer to the summons, explained that he had conscientious scruples against paying tithes. The Lord Mayor said he was very sorry for that, if that was all, because in that court they were obliged to be very hard-hearted occasionally towards people who had conscientious scruples. Mr. Woodcock, the solicitor to the complainants, explained that they were ordinary tithes which had become due, and that the defendant had before paid them without complaint. The Lord Mayor told the defendant that he had no alternative but to make an order upon him for the amount, and he did so accordingly. The defendant said he would abide by his lordship's decision.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.—After the ordinary business of the court had concluded, a respectably-dressed man applied to Mr. Oke, the chief clerk, for advice. On Monday week, he said, he accompanied his wife to the Bank of England to receive certain dividends, amounting to £250, payable on stock in which they had a joint interest, and the dividends on which had been accumulating for some time. The principal sum had originally belonged to his wife, from whom he had been living apart for the last seven years. As neither of them could touch the dividends without the consent of the other they met together by arrangement, though still living apart, to go to the Bank of England for the purpose of receiving them, the wife being accompanied by a female friend, as was understood. At the Bank the £250 was paid them in gold, and he put the money into two canvas bags, which he had taken for the purpose, and the cashier was about to put the bags into his pocket, when his wife apparently feeling anxious for their safety produced a handkerchief and suggested that they should be tied together in it, and that she should carry the money. He agreed, and she wrapped up the money and put it into her pocket. On leaving the Bank he invited her to take some refreshment and with that view took her to the Three Boats Tavern, in the Old Jewry. As they were about to enter the house she said she wanted to speak to the female friend who had accompanied her, and she stayed behind for that purpose. He waited for her in the tavern for some minutes, and as she did not join him he returned into the street to look for her, but could not find her, nor had he since been able to hear of her. The worst of it was that she had gone with the whole £250. In reply to the chief clerk, the applicant stated that during the seven years he had lived apart from his wife he had not contributed towards her maintenance, and that she had lived with her mother in the interim. He now wanted to know whether he could take any criminal proceedings against his wife in the matter. Mr. Oke was of opinion he could not, unless indeed it could be shown that his wife had acted in collusion with any one to make away with the money. Besides, it was just possible that, as the principal on which the dividends accrued had originally belonged to his wife, she might be entitled to it in equity quite irrespective of him, though he was her husband. The applicant then left, evidently disappointed with the answer he had received.

DARING ROBBERY.—Two ill-looking fellows, who gave the names of James J. Hastings and James Kelley, were charged before the Lord Mayor with maliciously breaking the plate glass window of Mr. John Walker, the eminent chronometer maker, of No. 68, Cornhill, and also with feloniously stealing from inside the window two gold watches of the value of £70. From evidence of Mr. William George Cooper, an auctioneer and estate agent residing at Gunpowder-square, Harder's-road, Portman, and having offices at No. 32, Coleman-street, City, it appears that about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday he was walking in company with a friend named Griffiths along Cornhill, when he saw the two prisoners standing with their backs to wards and their elbows close to the prosecutor's shop window, and he observed that at the same instant and simultaneously they struck their elbows against the plate glass, the effect of which was to smash the window. They turned round deliberately, and each snatched a watch from inside the window, which they severally deposited in their own pockets. The witness (Mr. Cooper) with his friend Mr. Griffiths rushed across the street and secured the prisoners, Johnstone having been taken by Mr. Cooper, and Kelley by Mr. Griffiths. They were dragged into the prosecutor's shop, when they were searched and the watches found upon them. The police were sent for, and they were both given into custody. Mr. George Griffiths, of Uxton-row, Queen's-road, Peckham, was called, and fully corroborated Mr. Cooper's testimony. The evidence of the police-constables, Daniel Whala, City, 650, and of William Russell, City, 641, went to establish that the prisoners had no property or money upon them, and that Johnstone admitted he had taken one watch, while Kelley made a similar admission, declaring that they might hang him, as he was in a state of starvation, and was without a home. Mr. John Thomas Walker, son of the prosecutor, was also called, and proved that he had placed both the watches in the window on Saturday morning, that they were his father's property, and of the value of £70. The extent of damage to the plate window exceeded £5. The prisoners, who offered no defence, were fully committed for trial, both on the charge of wilful damage, and also on the charge of felony. The prosecutor (Mr. Walker), who, it will be remembered, was the victim of the extensive jewellery robbery which attracted so much public attention some time since, addressing the Lord Mayor, said he desired to express his best thanks to the two gentlemen by whose prompt activity the prisoners had been taken into custody. The Lord Mayor concurred in this tribute, and at the same time expressed his sympathy with Mr. Walker for the manner in which these onslaughts were made upon his property. The prisoners were then removed.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—Mr. Jones, who is the secretary to the East London Cowkeepers' Association, applied to his lordship on behalf of James Johnstone, a cowkeeper, formerly carrying on a lucrative business at No. 7, King-street, St. George's-in-the-East, who had been reduced to ruin by the death from cattle disease of no less than twenty cows, entailing upon him a loss of £190, exclusive of £150 for the destruction of the value of the goodwill of his business. The man was a cripple, and had a wife and four children to maintain. The application was for assistance either from the fund which had been, he believed, raised for distribution at the Mansion House, or, failing that, for some assistance from the poor box. The Lord Mayor expressed his sympathy, but he regretted that the funds about to be raised had failed, and the money which had been subscribed had been returned to the contributors. He regretted that he had no funds to meet the case.

BOW STREET.

ALLEGED FENIANISM.—Thomas Hayes (an Irishman), describing himself as a wheelwright, and who resided in Cornhill-street, Brun-

wick-square, was brought up in custody of Inspector Williamson, at the police-court, Bow-street, on a warrant issued by a magistrate for the county of Cork, in Ireland, charging him with "treason and felony," in conspiring with others in levying war against her Majesty the Queen, and to deprive her of that part of her dominions called Ireland. Mr. Barnaby, the chief clerk, observed that the warrant substantially charged the prisoner with being a "dead Centre" of the Fenian organization. Inspector Williamson deposed that he apprehended the prisoner that day on the warrant in question. It was an Irish warrant issued in Cork, and backed with the usual formalities. Witness read the warrant over to him. A sergeant from the Irish consular was now in attendance and ready to remove the prisoner to Cork, where the warrant was issued. Mr. Flowers (to the prisoner): Do you wish to say anything why you should not be remitted to Ireland? The prisoner: Nothing beyond this: that I have not been out of London for eighteen years. Mr. Flowers: Then you will be handed over to the Irish consular here to be taken to Cork, where you will hear the charge against you stated. The prisoner was then removed.

WESTMINSTER.

EXTRAORDINARY BURGLARY AND SUICIDE.—Harry Swyer, age 26, described as painter, was charged before Mr. S. J. with being concerned with others not in custody in an extensive robbery at the residence of Mrs. Barrington, 16, Walton-villa, Brompton. The circumstances of the case are very peculiar in their nature. Mrs. Barrington went to the theatre, taking a servant with her, and leaving the cook in charge of the house. The cook went out, and after transacting some business returned home, and found that the house which she had left secure, had been broken into. Every room had been ransacked. The kitchen window was open, but entrance could not have been effected that way. She called a policeman and a friend, and went over the house. The street-door had been left unbolts. When Mrs. Barrington came home at eleven o'clock, the house was again ransacked, and it was found that two very costly brooches, a brooch, three rings, one with a flag ruby, a great number of new and rich silk dresses and shawls, eight or ten petticoats in value from £7 to £10 a dozen, a box with valuable pearls, seven seals, three pairs of earrings, blankets, four pairs of gentlemen's boots, several coats, waistcoats, and trousers, with numerous other articles, amounting in value to over £200, had been stolen, part being the property of Lord Seaford and part that of Mrs. Barrington. Mr. Inspector Holden then, had the master placed in his hands, and he received information that a young man named Pettie lodged with Mrs. Perry at 83, Cumberland-street, and that about the time of the robbery a man called for him and then left the house, Pettie returning in ten minutes. When the robbery was mentioned to him he appeared to be very agitated and overwrought. This excited suspicion, and a person openly accused Pettie of participation in the robbery; he did not attempt to deny the fact, and made a confession in which he implicated the prisoner. The landlady of the house upon hearing this refused, and while restoratives were being procured Pettie left the room. Soon after he was found in the washhouse with his head nearly severed from the body, having committed suicide with a razor. The same evening, in consequence of what Pettie had said, Watts, 235 B, went to 13, Palace-road, Lambeth, where prisoner lodged. A caution drew up at the door, and prisoner and another man got out. Prisoner went into the house, and returned in a minute and put something into the cab. The other man got into the cab. They went at a furious pace to the York-road, Watts following in another cab. As they stopped at a public-house, he took the number of the cab and went into the house also. He searched the prisoners and the other two men. A letter was produced, and they read it. Appearing to suspect they were being watched, they left the public house, Watts having previously gone out, and betook themselves to the cab; they were in the act of driving away when Watts stopped the horse, as the driver wore no badge. Watts said to prisoner, "I believe your name is Swyer?" He said, "No, it isn't," immediately jumping out of the cab and going to the door of the cab, when he or the man inside said, "Look out for that under the seat." The other man got out of the cab and ran away as hard as he could. Prisoner also ran away, but was taken back to the cab, and the driver was ordered back to Palace-road. Prisoner struggled violently, and when told he was in custody on suspicion of robbery, said, "My God, you don't say so." The cab was stopped at Palace-road, and prisoner tried to get his hand under the seat, but was prevented. Watts told the cabman to keep the prisoner inside while he looked the waterman. When the prisoner was got out of the cab, and struggling with Watts, the cabman drove away, and with him no doubt part of the plunder. Prisoner was taken to Brompton station, and on searching him a skeleton key, knife, and half sovereign were found. A branch road key fell from his person, and it was proved that the key had recently been broken, but while it would have fitted and opened the door of the house that had been robbed. Prisoner, who for the first time heard of Pettie's suicide, was deeply affected, and the case was not proceeded with till he recovered. He denied all knowledge of the robbery, and said the police put the branch key at his feet, saying it dropped from his clothes. Mr. Swyer said he felt justified, under the circumstances, in remanding the prisoner for a week.

THAMES.

TICKET-OF-LEAVE LAW.—Michael Hayes, a ticket-of-leave convict, age 24, and who gave his address No. 3, Henry-street, Back Church-lane, Whitechapel, was charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of himself, and with intruding the conditions of his ticket-of-leave licence by failing to make his monthly report, due on the 10th of December last, to the police at the Leaman street station, or the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, contrary to the provisions of the Act 28th Victoria, cap. 47, sec. 4. A police-constable named George Brown, No. 1,814, as the prisoner in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane, Whitechapel, on the previous Friday night, and as he was very drunk he took him to the station-house for safety. He was then recognized by Inspector Holloway of the Division, who stated that the prisoner was convicted at the Old Bailey sessions on the 22nd of February, 1861, of a highway robbery, with violence, under convictions against him being proved. The prisoner was sentenced to six years' penal servitude, and he was sent to the convict establishment at Gibraltar. The prisoner was released from the Millbank Penitentiary with a ticket of leave on the 23rd of October last, and his time would not expire until the 21st of February, 1867. The prisoner reported himself on the 29th of October last, but not since. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society took the prisoner under their protection, and engaged him as a sailor on board the ship E. W. Hudson, bound for New York. He did not sail with the vessel, on it was believed he was at sea. There was an understanding between the Commissioners of Police and the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society that liberated convicts with tickets of leave should not report themselves while under the control of the society. The prisoner, in defence, said he was at Gibraltar when the convict was released, and 150 convicts perished. He was sent home and discharged, and a ship procured for him by the Aid Society. On reaching Gravesend he became ill, and was sent on shore by the captain. He wished to observe the conditions of his licence and was not aware he had done wrong. Mr. Partridge said there was some objection in the arrangements between the Prisoners' Aid Society and the Commissioners of Police. The Act of Parliament did not recognize the Prisoners' Aid Society. He remanded the prisoner.

SINGULAR CASE OF CHILD STEALING.—Hannah Grager, a young woman, a native of Germany, was brought before Mr. Paget,

charged with stealing a female child, and its wearing apparel. Mr. Charles Young, a solicitor, defended the prisoner. The facts of this singular case, as they came out on a long investigation, were these:—The prisoner is the sister of the child, three and a half years old, she was charged with stealing. Her mother and father (Germans) died in great poverty, in Hall, about three years ago, and the child was sent to the workhouse. A German tailor, named Henry Rudke, dwelling at No. 3, Aubrey-place, Little-Queen-street, Hall, and his wife, who knew the deceased parents, agreed to adopt the child, and the parish authorities of Hall delivered it to them. Mr. and Mrs. Rudke had most faithfully performed all the duties of parents to the child, and their affection for it was unbounded. They had no children of their own, and were determined to watch over the interests of their adopted daughter as long as they lived. Another sister of the prisoner is living next door to the Rudkes in Hall, and on Friday, the 8th of the present month, she was permitted to take her little sister out for a walk, on her promise to return with the child in an hour. She did not come back according to her promise, and on the same night the Rudkes, who were in great distress of mind, gave information to the Hall police. The disappearance of the child was involved in considerable mystery for several days. At length it was discovered that the prisoner had received the child from her sister at Hall, and that she had taken it to London. The Rudkes arrived here on Monday morning in the General Steam Navigation steamboat, and sought the aid of the metropolitan police. William Gully, a police-constable, No. 117 B, found the child in the care of the prisoner at a house in Osageon-street-road, St. George-in-the-East, and took her into custody. She said that she took the child away from Mr. and Mrs. Rudke, because they had ill-used it. A long discussion took place relating to the Act of Parliament on child-stealing. Mr. Paget said the child which Mrs. Rudke was nursing appeared to be very fond of her, and it was very healthy. Mr. Rudke said, he and his wife had never ill-used the child. They loved it, and would not let it go for the world. They intended to adopt it as their own, to bring it up as their own, and to make a good woman of her if their lives were spared. Mrs. Rudke followed in the same strain. Mr. Charles Young said the feelings of the prisoner were highly creditable to her, and that she brought the child to London because her sister said it was ill-used. Mr. Paget: There are no grounds for that charge. I am satisfied the child has been well taken care of. The prisoner said the child had been neither vaccinated or christened. The Rudkes were questioned about this, and did not seem to comprehend what was meant by vaccination or baptism. Gully said nothing could excite the delight of the child on being restored to Mrs. Rudke. The prisoner was a protestant as well as a dressmaker. Mr. Paget had no doubt the prisoner was actuated by a kind feeling. He should discharge her. He was very much mistaken, and must not interfere with the child again in the way she had done. It was better for the interests of the child that it should remain with the Rudkes, whose conduct was highly commendable.

LAMBETH.

ALLEGED CRUELTY TO A SERVANT.—Mrs. Elizabeth Eggleston, the wife of a painter and house decorator, residing in Miles'-trest, South Lambeth, appeared before Mr. Selk to answer to a summons charging her with assaulting and otherwise ill-using Susan Sanford, a girl of fifteen years of age, her servant. Mr. Chipperfield attended, on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, to prosecute; and Mr. Neale appeared for the defendant. From the evidence of the complainant it appeared that she used to live with her grandmother at Othley, near Wallingford, Berkshire. On the 29th of October last she was hired by the defendant at Wallingford fair, as servant, at wages of £3 a year. She came up to her service at about a week or a fortnight afterwards, and on the second day after entering her service defendant slapped her on the face and whipped her. She (witness) did not know what she did it for. Every day she slapped her on her hand. About four or five weeks ago she struck her with a piece of iron on her arm, and there was a lump there still. The iron was about a yard long, flat, and an inch wide, with a hook at each end. She did not know what she was struck for. She showed her bruises to Sarah Lindon one Sunday morning as she was cleaning the door. Defendant has also struck with a hand-brush several times, and thrown cold water over her. She had slapped her face and ears, and beat her with a lady's riding whip. This was about a month ago, and before she struck her with a piece of iron. The reason she slapped her was because she put her master's boots wrong. Mr. Chipperfield: What did she say to you about the boots? Witness: She said I had not put master's boots right. I altered them twice, and on both occasions she said they were not right, and then she whipped me on the arm. I had sleeves on my arm, and she struck me on the part covered with the sleeves; but with the piece of iron she struck me on the bare arm. She also whipped me on the same day for putting the wrong breakfast cloth on the table. There were marks on my arm, but they are all gone away now. After she whipped me I went down to the bottom of the yard and cried. I then heard the bell ring, and, on going to answer it, she told me I was to go into the hall and not to make a noise out there. She also struck me with a bunch of keys. About a month ago she put me out into the yard one morning at eight o'clock, and kept me there until two o'clock the next morning. Mrs. Eggleston came down to the bottom of the yard, but she did not say anything to me. I saw Mr. Eggleston. He asked me what I was standing at the bottom of the yard for, and crying, and he said, "Why don't you go and beg your mistress's pardon?" but I did not know what it meant, and said "What have I to do?" And he said, "Go and say you are sorry for being a naughty girl." I said I did not know what I had been a naughty girl for, but when I went in she said it was for something done in the morning, but she did not say what it was. At two o'clock I went in and stood at the kitchen window, when she said, "I thought you were in bed and asleep long ago." She then told me to clean the kitchen up, and I blacked the stoves, cleaned the fender and fire-irons, and then went to bed. I had nothing to eat from eight o'clock in the morning until two o'clock the next. I slept in the back kitchen, and was rung up at six o'clock of a morning. I can't say what time I was rung up on that particular morning. I had not food enough to eat; sometimes I had food, and sometimes none at all. I complained to Mrs. Hyde, being without food, and she has several times put food through the palings to me, and also Mr. Hyde has done so. About five or six weeks ago about eight or nine o'clock I was in the doorway of the back kitchen, when she slapped my face, pulled my hair, and took hold of my shoulders and pushed me against the wall of Mr. Hyde's house. The last time she struck me was on the Wednesday night that I went to Mrs. Hyde on the Wednesday morning. Mr. Selk: Has Mrs. Eggleston any children? Witness: Yes, sir, one—a little boy about six years old. Complainant was cross-examined by Mr. Neale, but nothing was elicited to weaken her evidence. She was also examined by the magistrate, and in answer to his inquiries stated that she could read and write, and attended church while at Othley. She had not been to church since she had been in to Mrs. Eggleston. She said her clothes were not good enough to go in, nor had she received any wages. Some corroborative evidence having been heard, Mr. Selk asked the parties if they wished to have the matter settled by him, or that it should go to another court. Mr. Chipperfield: I should wish it to go to another court. Mr. Neale remarked that he had witnesses to recoup much of what had been said. Mr. Selk observed that he should send the case for trial.



THE WAR IN MEXICO.—TROOPS ON THE MARCH BEFORE THE CITY OF SALTILLO.

THE WAR IN MEXICO.

THE intelligence this week from Mexico is very scant. Several small engagements and skirmishes had taken place, and troops were continually on the march and concentrating particularly before Montemorency. Our illustration above gives a view of troops on the march before the city of Saltillo. This place is situated in the heart of the province of New Mexico, on the Atlantic slope of the ascent to the high table land, on which the city of Mexico stands. The city is of considerable extent, and tolerably well fortified.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

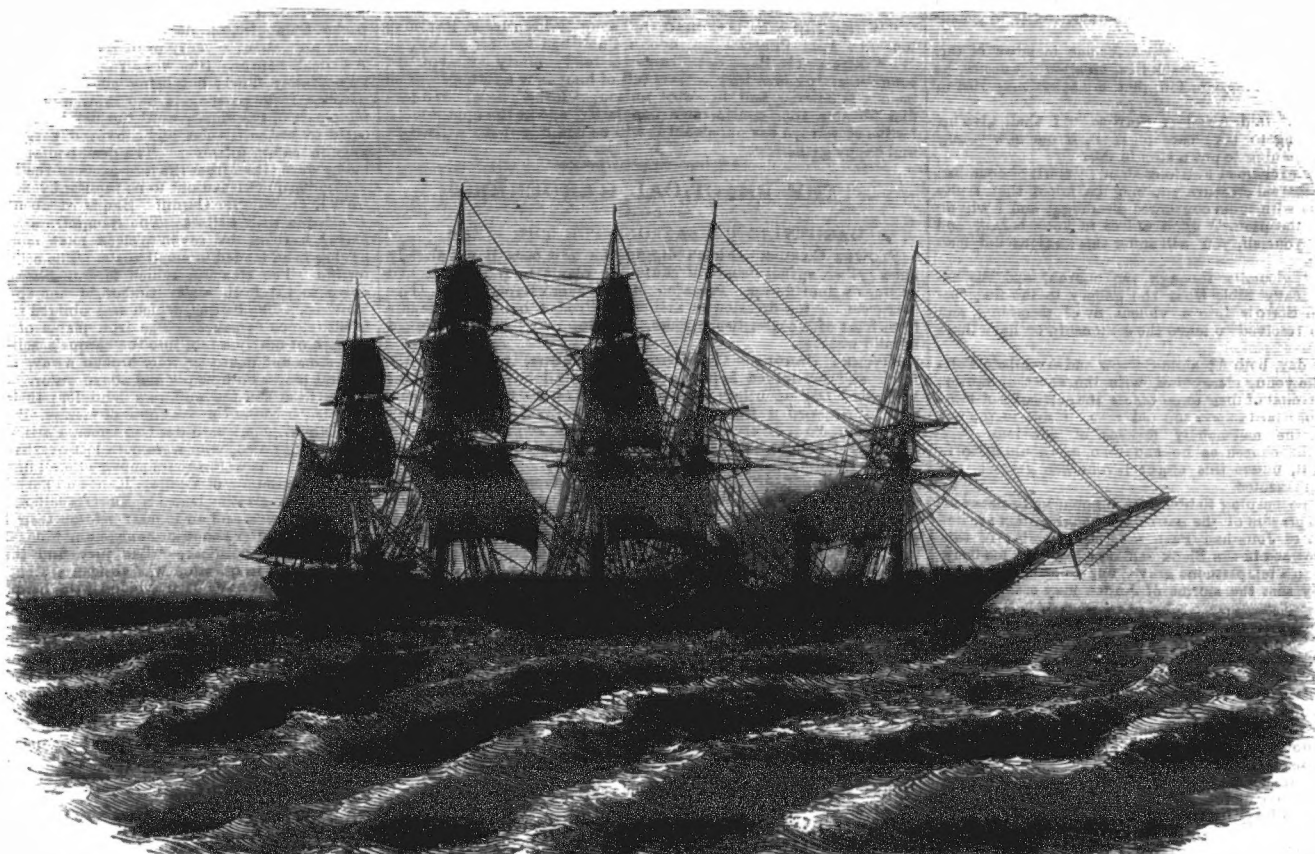
THE return of the Queen of Spain to Madrid has been hailed in the usual Spanish characteristic way, namely, by a series of bull-fights, an engraving of these exciting encounters we give above. But it seems, however, that bull-fights alone no longer suffices in Spain. The other week the Plaza de Toros, at Ubeda, was the scene of an entirely new kind of representation. An elephant of the name of Pizarro fought bravely against two young bulls. Wounded in the trunk, he at first drew back, hesitated, then, seizing one of the

bulls by the neck, he sent it rolling away like a ball, and meanwhile crushed the ribs of the other under his enormous feet. The antique sports are thus again the order of the day. Elephants now, panthers anon.

THE Naples journals publish a letter from General Garibaldi, written some short time back, offering to come and tend the cholera patients if his presence could be useful. The syndio in answer informed him that the malady had very nearly disappeared, and that his visit would not be of any utility.



SPANISH BULL FIGHT AT MADRID



DREADFUL COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE MAIL PACKET SAMPHIRE AND AN AMERICAN BARQUE.

Literature.

GHOST OF THE BELFRY.

ABSALOM SORROW has been dead for ten years. Whether the Ghost of the Belfry is imputable with his taking off, may be decided by the reader; but certain it is, that the old man was found dead in his bed, in the basement of the church where he lived, and for which for many years he had officiated as sexton and night-watchman; and his unexpected decease occurred within a year after the advent of said ghost to said belfry of said church.

On the day when Absalom turned the cold corner of fifty, Archibald Feltfoot, whose father dwelt in the large old family mansion next door to the church, returned home, after an absence of ten years. He had known the sexton from the time when he (Feltfoot) was a boy, and at once he paid him a visit, and congratulated him that he still lived in the basement, and maintained his relations to the church; and Absalom Sorrow congratulated him that he had survived ten years of absence and kept alive his attachment to his old friends; after which, the sexton showed him all over the old familiar premises, including the Sabbath-schoolroom in one part of the basement, where Feltfoot had learned the rudiments of his religion; the storage-room in another part, variously used for the stowing of merchandise—such as molasses, cotton, tobacco, sacks of spices, &c.; then the grand hall and galleries; the attic and rubbish-rooms above; and, finally, into the ancient belfry, where the young man had sometimes played in his youth, and where still hung the huge, sonorous bell, whose mighty throbs had often mingled their midnight music with his cries in the cradle.

"Home again," muttered Feltfoot, with fervour, as he looked forth from the time-honoured perch upon the innumerable roofs and landmarks of the city all around. "How often, when abroad, have I remembered this old belfry by day and dreamt of it by night, sighing to see it and hear the friendly bell once more. I have heard the bells of many lands, but none have been so melodious as this to me—its tones as familiar as my father's voice, and the more hallowed from association. You have been all your life in this city, Absalom, and can scarcely imagine how one yearns for home when long distant from it. It has sometimes brought tears to my eyes, when I recollect the lines in 'The Two Foscari,' running thus:—

"Ah! you never yet
Were far away from Venice; never saw
Her beautiful towers receding in the distance,
While every furrow of the vessel's track
Seemed plunging deep into your heart; you never
Saw day go down upon your native spires,
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And, after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not!"

"No, I never did," said Absalom Sorrow. "I am as poor as a church mouse, and quite as steady. I never did go away, and I never wanted to; and I couldn't have gone if I had wanted to, for I hadn't the money; and, besides, what would have become of the church?"

"Sure enough, you are wedded to the place, and without you it would seem as if the soul were gone. You have been here so long that I suppose your spirit will haunt the old building after death."

"If it should not be torn to pieces before I die," said Absalom, solemnly. "Do you believe in spirits?"

"Why, no. I did not speak in earnest. Why?"

"Because I do," returned the sexton, in a tone of awe. "Long before this new doctrine of spirit-knocking I have had my notions on the subject; and, sometimes, when I have been sweeping out and dusting, and setting things to rights alone, I have fancied I heard steps here, when there was nobody else in the house—especially after funerals, as if the spirits of the dead still lingered among the pews."

"No wonder you have had some such gloomy fancies," replied Feltfoot, "and as lonely as your life has been—no family to divert your mind from brooding over the solemn associations always surrounding you; and if spirits ever did revisit the earth, I should suppose they would appear to one like you, if to any."

"I think so, too; and of late the thought has made me quite skittish, when delving alone here by day, or when below at night, in my solitary basement, fancying I hear sounds unaccountable."

"Mere echoes, or, perhaps, the rats among the goods stored below."

The sexton shook his head incredulously, and they descended from the belfry together; and after a long conversation upon such of the members as had died during his absence, Feltfoot left.

At about midnight Absalom Sorrow was aroused from his dreams by the loud tolling of the old church bell, and starting from his bed, and seizing a lantern, he ascended to the vestibule, in great haste and wonder, to see who had ventured to enter and poll the bell-rope at that late hour, and without his knowledge.

To his increased surprise, he found no one there. The doors and windows were all closed and fast; the end of the rope hung where he had left it; no steps were to be heard within the building, and there was no alarm outside.

What could it mean? He passed into the broad aisle and directed the light of his lantern to every part of the interior, but he heard no sound, and saw no moving form.

Could anybody be above, in the belfry? Such a thing had never occurred before. It was unlikely now. But he had certainly heard the bell toll, and for five minutes at least. It was no dream. He hesitated whether to go up or not. He felt it his duty, as the sexton and night-watchman, and guardian of the properties of the church-bell, to see that it committed no such breaches of the peace; but a feeling of awe now seized upon him. His conversation with Feltfoot about the dead and spirits had deeply impressed him.

What if this extraordinary tolling of the bell were some new form of spiritual manifestation? The day had been his birthday—perhaps it bore reference to himself. Should he ascend, and perhaps get a more natural solution of the mystery? If he did not, what answer should he make on the morrow, to those who inquired why the bell tolled? He would go up, at all hazards. He did so, but slowly and fearfully; and entering the belfry found nobody there.

He eyed the monster with the iron lip and tongue suspiciously, almost reproachfully.

"If that bell could speak," was his thought. "But it has spoken. Yet why? Who made it speak? How cold the night-breeze is up hear. I hear a rustling. What is that white thing?"

It was a sheet of tissue-paper, stirred by the wind on the belfry-floor. He picked it up, and read upon it, dimly traced, these words:—

"I am the ghost of Jonathan Past, a former member of this church. I was drowned in the Black Sea, on a log. I desire the prayers of the pastor and congregation, that my spirit may rest in peace."

Absalom Sorrow shuddered as he deciphered the scrawl, and clutching the paper, he at once withdrew from the belfry, more convinced than ever of the reality of the unreal—the substantial workings of the unsubstantial—the life of the dead—the visibility of the invisible.

He passed the time until daylight in studying the mystic communication, and vainly endeavouring to remember Jonathan Past; and in the morning, when he was visited by Archibald Feltfoot, who inquired the reason why the bell was tolled, he exhibited the paper.

"It is a trick of some one," said Feltfoot; "and if you show this note to others, they will laugh at you. You might show it to the minister, however."

The Rev. Edgar St. Paul was a young clergyman new to this church. When he heard the sexton's story he laughed, and destroyed the paper, and bade him be more careful, and keep the church doors fast.

But this was far from satisfying Absalom, nor could his neighbour Feltfoot shake his belief that the bell had been tolled and the missive written by supernatural agency. Feltfoot, however, said that he did remember one Jonathan Past, as having attended the church when he was a child; and he believed he had died abroad, but was not positive.

A few days after this, when the mind of the sexton had partly recovered its composure, he received another shock.

On entering the body of the church to set things to rights, he found there was unusual need of it, for everything was wrong. Some mischievous hand had been busy there. Bibles, hymn-books, cushions, fans, footstools had been misplaced and tossed in confusion about the floors; carpets had been torn up and hung over the backs of the pews; the pastor's pitcher and tumbler lay smashed in the pulpit; a hod of coal had been substituted in place of his great Bible, and that was discovered under a stove, in ignominious com-

pany with the shovel and poker. Nothing had been stolen, as far as the horrified sexton could see, but the evidences of anger were abundant on every hand; and this the troubled man attributed to the displeasure of the unknown spirit at the disregard shown to his solemn request.

Feltfoot happened to come in to witness the confusion.

"He could not have got much good from the teachings he heard here," said the young man, "if his spirit can conduct itself in this way!"

"But we often hear," replied the sexton, "that ghosts wish to be laid. I don't know anything about it; but it seems to me it would be but a small Christian favour to give him the prayers he asks. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, the hymn says. It might do this Jonathan Past good; and I'm sure I don't like him to be carrying on in this way."

"It is no Jonathan Past, but some Jonathan Present that is bothering you," said Feltfoot, indignantly. "You ought to watch for him, and give him a good beating, and let him do his own praying."

It was now agreed that both should watch, for a time; Absalom Sorrow in the basement, and Feltfoot up-stairs, making his bed on pew cushions; and for several nights this arrangement was adopted, but proved fruitless, and Feltfoot gave it up, stating his conviction that the rogue would come no more; but that, on his return from the country, where he was to pay a visit for a day, he would offer his services again, if needed.

When he came again he met the sexton with a face paler than ever. He was taken up into the belfry, where he found the floor slightly sprinkled with sulphur, and on the bell an inscription, in red characters, which Feltfoot insisted were done in red chalk, and which read exactly as the note had read:—

"I am the ghost of Jonathan Past, a former member of this church. I was drowned in the Black Sea, on a log. I desire the prayers of the pastor and congregation, that my spirit may rest in peace."

Archibald Feltfoot looked confounded.

"It is very odd," he muttered.

"What do you think of it all now?"

"Did you keep good watch last night, while I was away?"

"I thought I did. But it would have been better if you had been here."

"Very well. I will watch again to-night!"

It was past midnight, and Absalom was dozing, when he was electrified by the bell again. It tolled slowly, and before it ceased, Feltfoot rushed in to him.

"Do you hear it?" cried he. "I've seen the rope move, too. Hurry up with me. There must be somebody there. Quick, and we'll have him!"

The bell was silent before they reached the belfry, and on entering they found no sign of other life there than their own—save what now seemed, even to the incredulous Feltfoot, to have come from the grave or beyond it—for attached to the tongue of the bell was another note, with the same strange words:—"I am the ghost of Jonathan Past, &c."

"It is no live person, as I have thought," said Feltfoot, as they went down again, peering into every hole and corner by the way. "It must be some unhappy spirit; and I think it your duty to insist that Mr. St. Paul should grant the request. Otherwise, there is no knowing how long this sort of thing may last."

But though Absalom Sorrow was extremely urgent, the young minister was inexorable. He confessed the matter was very strange and very annoying, but the appeal was too absurd to command any such public notice; and he told Absalom to continue his watch, and he would yet detect the author of the mischief.

"I fear not," muttered Feltfoot. "There is more in this than I imagined. But it will do no harm to keep on watching."

One evening not long after, the sexton was surprised to hear notes issuing from the organ overhead. The strain was slow, mournful, and brief.

"It may be that he is playing. I will go up and see."

But Absalom, on ascending, found Feltfoot snoring on the cushions where he had left him.

"Did you hear the organ?" he inquired, on waking the sleeper.

"I thought you were playing."

"No. I was fast asleep, expecting to take a nap till midnight. Besides, I couldn't play, if ever so wide awake. Are you sure you heard it?"

"Yes, and thought you did what little blowing you wanted, yourself."

"Then let's go up instantly. Spirits play without blowing."

At once they repaired to the organ, and there, on the back of a sheet of music, started at them the same memorable words, in pencil-mark:—

"I am the ghost of Jonathan Past, a former member of this church. I was drowned in the Black Sea, on a log. I desire the prayers of the pastor and congregation, that my spirit may rest in peace."

"This is frightful!" said Absalom Sorrow. "I shall give up, and leave this building to take care of itself, if our new young minister don't do something to put a stop to this."

"Poor soul!" now exclaimed Feltfoot, aloud; "spirit of Jonathan Past, or whatever ethereal creature you may be, know that I pity you, and sympathize with these continued pleadings; and I will do what I can to enlist the pastor's good offices in your behalf, and then, I hope, at rest yourself, you will suffer this anxious old man to rest also."

His voice echoed gloomily through the church, and the accidental fall of a heavy Bible from the gallery to the floor beneath, set Absalom Sorrow into a violent fit of trembling, and made him the more resolved to leave the sextonship or have those prayers.

On the following day, both Absalom Sorrow and Archibald Feltfoot waited upon the young clergyman, with the sheet of music; and after a solemn recital of their experiences the outcries of Feltfoot that he would be constant to the old man, if not to the unknown spirit, and the melancholy menace of Absalom, that, faithful servant of the church as he had been, he should dissolve his connexion with it, unless this slight favour was granted, the Rev. Edgar St. Paul assented.

Accordingly on the ensuing Sabbath he announced, in clear and solemn tones, "The prayers of the pastor and congregation are desired, by the spirit of Jonathan Past, a former member of this church, who was drowned in the Black Sea, on a log. As his body was thus consigned to a tempestuous grave, our compassion is the more moved to pray that the storms of Jordan may cease to vex his soul."

The congregation wondered, and immediately after the service a conference was held among the elders, with a view to remove the pastor from his flock, as a person of unsound mind; but nothing came of this; while, on the contrary, the pastor's intervention in behalf of Jonathan Past proved completely efficacious.

Next morning, while Absalom Sorrow went about to brush up and sweep out, and place things in order generally, he was pleasantly accosted to find another note on the organ, the words pencilled faintly upon tissue-paper:—

"The ghost of Jonathan Past is satisfied. Will trouble Absalom Sorrow and the belfry no more. Prayers have given me a good position in the world of spirits. I am three spheres higher since yesterday, and still going. I have already chosen Feltfoot as my medium, and you will find that he has left the city this morning, as my travelling agent, having finished his brief visit home, and gone abroad again for an indefinite term of years. He desires his compliments to you and the minister, and hopes, as he said I go in one boat, you will make yourself comfortable in the future."

From this the sexton was suspicious that Feltfoot had something to do with the Past demon; a lion; and though he feared to tell the clergyman, he was satisfied the ghost was laid.

NEW WORKS.

LETTIS DIARIES FOR 1856.—These important and well-known series of diaries are just issued, and comprise, among their number, the use of, strongly-bound No. 9 Diary, containing all the necessary information for the general use of the country-house, merchants' or lawyers' offices and chambers, and banking establishments; "The Broad Shilling Diary," particularly handy for the pocket, and convenient for reference; "The Rough Diary and Scribbles Journal," with a week in each opening, interspersed with blotting paper, and containing calendar, stamps, taxes, ready reckoner, interest tables, &c.; "The Housekeeper," with its usual memoranda, tables, balance-sheets, ready reckoners, and general information applicable to its special object. All these diaries are well bound with leaves of excellent paper. No large establishment or commercial traveller could be without one or more of them.

A NEW COURSE OF PRACTICAL GRAMMAR; OR PLAIN, STRAIGHT ROAD TO GOOD ENGLISH. By JOHN VICKERS, Master of a Grammar School, Bakewell, Yorkshire. London: F. PUGH, 20 Paternoster-row, E.C.—This grammar, as the author expresses it, "is an attempt to teach, simply and thoroughly, English spelling, inflection, and composition;" and in this attempt he has laid down such rules and exercises, as to bring the study of grammar within the comprehension of all. We can confidently recommend the work for the use of schools, and for self-instruction.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN, yearly part, No. XI for 1855; **THE BAND OF HOPE HANDBOOK**, Part V; **THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S ALMANACK**, FOR 1856; and **THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANACK** FOR 1856. London: S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER-ROW; and W. TWEDDE, 337, Strand.—These highly moral and magnificently illustrated works are as admirably edited as any of their previous issues. The amount of good which they do is incalculable; and, depend upon it, were only one of them to make its respectable weekly appearance into the interior of an English home no matter how humble, peace and contentment, under almost any circumstances would result from the careful study of the precepts therein laid down.

ODES AND ENDS, Nos 9 and 10. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.—The ninth number of this little Scottish work comprises "The Wayside Thoughts of Asaphophilosopher," by D'Arcy W. Thompson, and three thoughts take under review "The Schools and Colleges of the United Kingdom," a subject fraught with much interest. The author was for twelve years a pupil at the largest school in England, for twelve years a classical teacher in one of the two leading schools in Scotland, and has now entered upon his second year as a public teacher in one of the colleges of Ireland. Under these circumstances, we need hardly observe that these "Wayside Thoughts" are worthy of attentive consideration, and those who are interested on the subject will do well to ponder over them, for much valuable information will be gleaned thereby. The tenth number is devoted to an essay on "The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character," by J. A. Froude, author of the "History of England." The subject has been handled with remarkable lucidity, and much light is thrown upon the character and actions of John Knox and his contemporaries. These two numbers are among the best of the issues of "Odes and Ends."

LADLAW'S CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S COPYRIGHT NOVELTIES.—We have received a new collection of these handsome and beautifully executed Christmas and New Year's presents. They are in every way equal to those previously noticed in this paper. In addition, we have "Ladlaw's Parlour Fireworks," consisting of the Fairy Beacon, Shooting Stars, and Oriental Parlour Fire, and the coloured Meteors. These fireworks being perfectly free from gunpowder, will form no end of amusement for juvenile parties, as there is really no danger whatever attached to letting them off; neither is there any disagreeable smell attached to them—some of them, indeed, are scented. The Will-o'-the-Wisp paper is a rare novelty also, and creates a wonderful amount of amusement and delight. An advertisement will be found elsewhere detailing all particulars.

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1834. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—(Advertisement.)

NEW MUSIC.

"WHILE THE TIDE IS COMING IN," song written by F. PARDON; music by A. G. PERMAN. London: Published for the author, by B. Williams 11, Paternoster-row.—A really pretty and spirited song, breathing love from a heart full of buoyancy and hope. The melody is flowing, and in sweet unison with the words. We predict for this song considerable popularity, and at the approaching festive season we have no doubt it will be heard in many a pleasant and happy gathering.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Finish digging for new beds, if not already done. Two spades deep will cause the plants to root better and produce a finer flower. Prepare and turn over compost beds. Give evergreens a top-dressing of manure. Protect half-hardy plants from frost with coal-ashes or moss. Planting may still be continued in mild weather.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Cauliflowers, cucumbers, radishes, early frame and ash-leaved kidney potatoes, may all be sown on slight hot-beds. Dig up celery trenches to receive the benefit of frosts, and in the spring the ground will be ready for peas. Sow cauliflower, &c. Protect mushroom beds with additional layers of straw; and should it get wet it should be replaced with dry, clean straw. Expose the bed on a mild, dry day.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Proceed with the advice given in our last. Destroy all suckers of gooseberry-trees directly they appear, and finish planting, where required. Prune all trees, except figs. Look over the fruit-room occasionally, and make use of the over-ripe at once.

THE NEW FIRE BRIGADE FOR LONDON.

On the 1st of next month this new force, for the better protection of London and its nine hundred millions of property, under the management of the Board of Works, comes into operation, although it will probably not be completed in its establishment for some time after, owing to the delay each measure in the Bill has met with in discussion at the Board of Works.

It is to take the title of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and will not only embody the whole of the present forces and engines of the London fire establishment, but be doubly strengthened to render it efficient for all purposes. The plan decided on is that of Captain Shaw, who has been appointed its chief. The force will consist of chief and 850 officers and men, four steam floating engines, four large land steamers, twenty-seven small land steamers, thirty-seven large manual engines, with horses, drivers, &c. These to be distributed among thirty-three large and fifty-six small fire stations, protecting an area of about 117 square miles. Compared with the present fire brigade, the increase is seventy-two additional stations, 219 extra firemen, two large floating and two large land steamers, twenty-one small land steamers, and sixty-one manual engines.

The cost of its maintenance is not to exceed £50,000 per annum. This will be contributed partly by a public subscription in the pound; £10,000 contributed by the various metropolitan fire-insurance companies; and £10,000 from the Government. With respect to the districts, it is arranged that there is to be no large amount of property situated from any powerful station. In the first place, the public property situated on the banks of the Thames—the victualling yard and dockyard at Deptford; the Tower, with its military stores; Custom House, Somerset House, the India Store Department, the buildings in Whitehall, the Houses of Parliament, the public clothing stores, Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, and the adjacent barracks—will be all within the reach of the river steam floating engines, which will be powerful enough to grapple with the heaviest configuration. New land stations are to be established at Woolwich, Greenwich, near the British Museum, at Temple-bar, near St. James's Palace, Marlborough House, War Office, Pall-mall, close to the Houses of Parliament, at Pimlico, in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace, near Kensington Museum, and at Chelsea, thereby affording great additional security to the whole of the national property, as well as to personal property, in the whole of those quarters.

The force will be divided into four districts, namely, as follows:—

District A will include Westminster, Kensington, Marblebone, Chelsea, Hammersmith, Fulham, Harrow-road, St. John's-wood, and Hampstead.

District B, the West-end of the City, Islington, Tottenham court-road, H. Horn, Easton-square, St. Pancras, Somers-town, Pentonville, Clerkenwell, and Upper Holloway.

District C, the eastern end of London Docks, Millwall, Hackney, Bow, Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, and Bethnal-green.

District D, South-west, Brompton, Grosvenor, Woolwich, Camberwell, Lewisham, Deptford, Peckham, Forest-hill, Brixton, Wandsworth, and Lambeth; the steam floating stations on the river at Westminster (South-west bridge), Rotherhithe, and Limekiln Dock.

The whole of the chief land stations are to be connected with telegraphic communication. The uniform will correspond with that worn by the present brigade; brass helmets, however are to be worn in the place of the leather helmet. The brass helmets are similar to those worn by the Pompiers and Sapeurs in Paris. They are somewhat heavier, but are capable of resisting greater heat, whereas the old leather helmet has been known to curl up off a man's head by coming in contact with intense heat at a fire.

The Act for the establishment repeals "all rewards for fires or chimneys to firemen and others;" but it does not affect the penalties incurred by parties having their chimneys on fire—such rewards to be paid to the general fund for the maintenance of the brigade. The return of fire-rewards paid by the various parishes in London in 1854 amounted to upwards of £3,000. The 30th section of the Act contains an enactment that, where the fire brigade is employed beyond the limits of the metropolitan for the purpose of extinguishing fire, the owners of the property are liable for all expenses, and, in case of refusal, to be summarily dealt with by two justices. The 12th section gives powers to the brigade in respect to breaking into and taking possession of any premises to pull down for the purpose of putting an end to a fire. All volunteer fire brigades that attend fires are to place themselves under the command of the chief or other officer of the brigade.

There are nearly 500 parish engines in the metropolis, but not more than twenty are considered to be efficient to be accepted in the new force.

THE "ROYAL BARON OF BEEF" FOR THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS TABLE.—In accordance with custom, Her Majesty's dining-room at Osborne will be supplied on Christmas Day with the usual "royal baron of beef." A fine bullock of the West Highland Scotch breed has just been killed by Mr. A. Hughes, butcher to Her Majesty. The ox selected (a very splendid animal) was purchased in London, the feeder being Mr. Skimmington, of Northampton.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A FAIRIER.—Great consternation has been caused among the farmers and stock owners in the neighbourhood of Horsham, West-Lock, by the strange conduct of Thomas Rushton, a small farmer in that parish who last week went to Stadenham, on which farm the plague was raging, and there examined a beast that was suffering from the pest, obtained some of the saliva, &c., and then returned to his own farm, where he tried to inoculate his own stock with it, not believing in the contagiousness of the plague. *—Sheffield Independent.*

FATAL COLLISION IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

At about half past eleven on Wednesday night week, the mail packet *Sampshire*, on her voyage from Dover to Calais, with the mails and about seventy passengers, came into collision with an American barque. She was a wreck in her fore-compartment, which immediately filled; but being constructed with water-tight compartments, the passengers and crew were all kept in safety in the after-part of the vessel, until the Belgian mail packet, *La Belgique*, came to her assistance, and conveyed passengers, crew, and baggage in safety to Dover. The dead bodies of a gentleman and two ladies were taken from the fore-cabin of the *Sampshire*.

The barque turned out to be the *Fanny Buck*, of Boston, bound from Rotterdam for Cardiff. She is of about 500 tons burden, and was laden with ballast. The *Sampshire* arrived at the mouth of Dover harbour by seven o'clock next morning, the passengers having been landed in small boats. The collision must have been terrific. The steamer, which is iron-plated, was stove in right down to the keel, every timber in her appearing to have been loosened. The barque, which was obliged to enter Dover harbour, is also much damaged. The iron plates of the steamer pierced to a depth of nearly a foot into the barque's solid timbers at the bow. Her stem and outwater were broken away, and she was stove in several places both below and above water.

The names of the sufferers who lost their lives are Monsieur Lyndler, traveller for the house of Messrs. Backering, Freres, and Co., No. 87 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, and one foreign gentleman unknown, who were both lost over-board at the time of the collision. The unfortunate persons found drowned in their cabin were, Miss Baines, of Yading, Kent, and her governess, Miss Koenig; and also M. Martin Dacier, of Gravelles. Their bodies were brought ashore, and an inquest held on their remains.

The jury, after about an hour and a half's deliberation, returned the following verdict:—"The jury find that the deaths of the three persons in question were accidental; but that the accident in question might have been avoided if the barque had shown a better light. In recording this verdict the jury could not separate without expressing their admiration of the conduct of Captain Bennett and the crew of the *Sampshire* for the coolness and intrepidity displayed by them in their trying position, which, under God's providence, was the means of rescuing so many lives; also, that great praise was due to Captain Host, of the Belgian steamer, for his ready assistance."

The collision, we understand, will form the subject of a Board of Trade inquiry as to who shall pay for the *Sampshire's* damage.

The following further particulars are contained in a private telegram:—

"About twenty minutes after leaving Dover last evening, and when some eight miles from the shore, the *Sampshire* ran into a barque, name unknown, and while the latter pursued her course unobscuredly, the former, after a little trembling and staggering to and fro, settled down with her head and forepart in the water, and her stern and after-deck in the air. It was a dark and foggy night, but as those on deck maintain, neither so dark nor so foggy as to prevent the lights of passing vessels being seen. No fog signals had been made, and the sails and masts of the barque seemed to spring up rapidly and silently from the dark waters, as if to overwhelm the little steamer rushing to its fate. A cry of 'Hard a-port!' a scuffle, and a shout among the men on deck, and a mighty crash which threw women and children from their berths and sofas to the ground, and which sent men spinning like tops about the deck, occurred concurrently. Then came a fierce rush to the boats, amid frantic cries for 'the captain,' and a wild medley of shrieks and groans and prayers. The night, though dark, was still and calm, and the sea without a ripple, or there is little doubt that few would have survived to tell the *Sampshire's* tale. Neither the ropes nor gear of these boats were in working order, and the French bagman who rushed first into one of them, had to cut and hack with his pocket-knife before it could be lowered into the water. The force with which each boat descended dashed its occupants, some into the sea, some against its seats and sides and bottom, bruising them severely. One of the boats capsized, drowning some of its passengers, and none were so equipped as to be ready for the emergency. Nothing could have been worse or more discreditable than the selfish rush made by the great bulk of the male passengers. In vain did the captain and such of the gentlemen who kept their heads implore them to give way for the women and children. Every one seemed in the last stage of selfish fright, and to the eternal disgrace of its panic-stricken occupants, the first boat pushed off with about twenty men and not a single woman or child on board. When the boats had all left there were but three or four of the ship's crew, stokers and sailors, left in her, and it must therefore be explained why, with lady passengers still on board, the men whose duty it was to save life and stick to their vessel should nearly all appear to have deserted her in the hour of her direst need. The boat which turned over before reaching the water, and so threw five people into the sea, had been cut down with unreasoning haste, a Danish gentleman in a huge fur cloak being one of the first to scramble in. The sufferings and death of this unhappy foreigner form one of the most touching incidents of the night. The cloak he wore so spread out upon the sea that he was kept floating for more than half an hour before his strength gave way, and he sank for ever. His cries and moans for help were constant and piteous. Ropes were thrown to him, which he caught, but was too weak to hold. At length the captain, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea and fastened a strong cord round the drowning man's head and shoulders. At this time it must be remembered that the stern of the steamboat was completely out of the water and her rudder in the air, so that the height of the outwards and the consequent distance between sea and deck made it fully lessened the chances of saving life. The captain was hauled back with no small difficulty, a gentleman filling the position of her Majesty's consul abroad, and some half-dozen others, aiding with might and main. When this was done, and the poor mourning creature in the water was taken in hand, every effort to save him proved fruitless. The huge fur cloak and the bearskin cap had by this time become so densely saturated with the salt water that his weight was that of half a dozen men, and after bringing this poor gentleman's head on a level with the buoys three successive times, after his being so nearly saved that the consul had his hand upon his shoulder, the rope gave way, or the knot slipped, and with one last cry of 'Encore je vous prie' (Come more, I pray you), and a wild look of agony at the ship, he went under the paddle-wheel and was no more seen. Meanwhile the several boats were in no small peril. So overcrowded that it was all but impossible to use an oar, those on board had to paddle feebly against every possible difficulty save that of unfavourable weather. Out of the three rowers in one boat two for some time pulled one way and one another, and the result was that a series of circles were described before it was discovered that the steamer was not being left behind. The foreland lights were visible, and formed the only landmark, and before the vessel had been long left it was found that the plug had been forgotten, and the boat was half full of water. One man took off his stocking and rammed it into the hole, keeping his foot on it for safety; others set to work bailing out the water with their hats; while some—it is as ludicrous as painful to write this, but it is confidently stated by more than one of those present—cried for their mothers, and in their frenzy jumped up and down, so as to seriously imperil the overloaded boat, until restrained partly by physical force, partly by threats of being thrown overboard if they were not still. No one expected to reach the shore, for the sailors were rapidly becoming exhausted, and the water depressed in spite of all their efforts when at length the lights of Dover peered pleasantly through the darkness, and by dint of a final and successful struggle its welcome port was gained."

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Examine Hemstitch, Felling, Tucking, Binding, Cording, Quilting, Braiding, and Embroidery: will do all kinds of Domestic Work; cannot be put out of order, and is learned in an hour; in short, it is the Cheapest and

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DIYER'S 28s. SILVER WATCHES are the Wonders of the Age. Dials, Roman, Arabic, Gold, Silver, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, 42, 45, 48, 51, 54, 57, 60, 63, 66, 69, 72, 75, 78, 81, 84, 87, 90, 93, 96, 99, 102, 105, 108, 111, 114, 117, 120, 123, 126, 129, 132, 135, 138, 141, 144, 147, 150, 153, 156, 159, 162, 165, 168, 171, 174, 177, 180, 183, 186, 189, 192, 195, 198, 201, 204, 207, 210, 213, 216, 219, 222, 225, 228, 231, 234, 237, 240, 243, 246, 249, 252, 255, 258, 261, 264, 267, 270, 273, 276, 279, 282, 285, 288, 291, 294, 297, 300, 303, 306, 309, 312, 315, 318, 321, 324, 327, 330, 333, 336, 339, 342, 345, 348, 351, 354, 357, 360, 363, 366, 369, 372, 375, 378, 381, 384, 387, 390, 393, 396, 399, 402, 405, 408, 411, 414, 417, 420, 423, 426, 429, 432, 435, 438, 441, 444, 447, 450, 453, 456, 459, 462, 465, 468, 471, 474, 477, 480, 483, 486, 489, 492, 495, 498, 501, 504, 507, 510, 513, 516, 519, 522, 525, 528, 531, 534, 537, 540, 543, 546, 549, 552, 555, 558, 561, 564, 567, 570, 573, 576, 579, 582, 585, 588, 591, 594, 597, 600, 603, 606, 609, 612, 615, 618, 621, 624, 627, 630, 633, 636, 639, 642, 645, 648, 651, 654, 657, 660, 663, 666, 669, 672, 675, 678, 681, 684, 687, 690, 693, 696, 699, 702, 705, 708, 711, 714, 717, 720, 723, 726, 729, 732, 735, 738, 741, 744, 747, 750, 753, 756, 759, 762, 765, 768, 771, 774, 777, 780, 783, 786, 789, 792, 795, 798, 801, 804, 807, 810, 813, 816, 819, 822, 825, 828, 831, 834, 837, 840, 843, 846, 849, 852, 855, 858, 861, 864, 867, 870, 873, 876, 879, 882, 885, 888, 891, 894, 897, 900, 903, 906, 909, 912, 915, 918, 921, 924, 927, 930, 933, 936, 939, 942, 945, 948, 951, 954, 957, 960, 963, 966, 969, 972, 975, 978, 981, 984, 987, 990, 993, 996, 999, 1002, 1005, 1008, 1011, 1014, 1017, 1020, 1023, 1026, 1029, 1032, 1035, 1038, 1041, 1044, 1047, 1050, 1053, 1056, 1059, 1062, 1065, 1068, 1071, 1074, 1077, 1080, 1083, 1086, 1089, 1092, 1095, 1098, 1101, 1104, 1107, 1110, 1113, 1116, 1119, 1122, 1125, 1128, 1131, 1134, 1137, 1140, 1143, 1146, 1149, 1152, 1155, 1158, 1161, 1164, 1167, 1170, 1173, 1176, 1179, 1182, 1185, 1188, 1191, 1194, 1197, 1200, 1203, 1206, 1209, 1212, 1215, 1218, 1221, 1224, 1227, 1230, 1233, 1236, 1239, 1242, 1245, 1248, 1251, 1254, 1257, 1260, 1263, 1266, 1269, 1272, 1275, 1278, 1281, 1284, 1287, 1290, 1293, 1296, 1299, 1302, 1305, 1308, 1311, 1314, 1317, 1320, 1323, 1326, 1329, 1332, 1335, 1338, 1341, 1344, 1347, 1350, 1353, 1356, 1359, 1362, 1365, 1368, 1371, 1374, 1377, 1380, 1383, 1386, 1389, 1392, 1395, 1398, 1401, 1404, 1407, 1410, 1413, 1416, 1419, 1422, 1425, 1428, 1431, 1434, 1437, 1440, 1443, 1446, 1449, 1452, 1455, 1458, 1461, 1464, 1467, 1470, 1473, 1476, 1479, 1482, 1485, 1488, 1491, 1494, 1497, 1500, 1503, 1506, 1509, 1512, 1515, 1518, 1521, 1524, 1527, 1530, 1533, 1536, 1539, 1542, 1545, 1548, 1551, 1554, 1557, 1560, 1563, 1566, 1569, 1572, 1575, 1578, 1581, 1584, 1587, 1590, 1593, 1596, 1599, 1602, 1605, 1608, 1611, 1614, 1617, 1620, 1623, 1626, 1629, 1632, 1635, 1638, 1641, 1644, 1647, 1650, 1653, 1656, 1659, 1662, 1665, 1668, 1671, 1674, 1677, 1680, 1683, 1686, 1689, 1692, 1695, 1698, 1701, 1704, 1707, 1710, 1713, 1716, 1719, 1722, 1725, 1728, 1731, 1734, 1737, 1740, 1743, 1746, 1749, 1752, 1755, 1758, 1761, 1764, 1767, 1770, 1773, 1776, 1779, 1782, 1785, 1788, 1791, 1794, 1797, 1800, 1803, 1806, 1809, 1812, 1815, 1818, 1821, 1824, 1827, 1830, 1833, 1836, 1839, 1842, 1845, 1848, 1851, 1854, 1857, 1860, 1863, 1866, 1869, 1872, 1875, 1878, 1881, 1884, 1887, 1890, 1893, 1896, 1899, 1902, 1905, 1908, 1911, 1914, 1917, 1920, 1923, 1926, 1929, 1932, 1935, 1938, 1941, 1944, 1947, 1950, 1953, 1956, 1959, 1962, 1965, 1968, 1971, 1974, 1977, 1980, 1983, 1986, 1989, 1992, 1995, 1998, 2001, 2004, 2007, 2010, 2013, 2016, 2019, 2022, 2025, 2028, 2031, 2034, 2037, 2040, 2043, 2046, 2049, 2052, 2055, 2058, 2061, 2064, 2067, 2070, 2073, 2076, 2079, 2082, 2085, 2088, 2091, 2094, 2097, 2100, 2103, 2106, 2109, 2112, 2115, 2118, 2121, 2124, 2127, 2130, 2133, 2136, 2139, 2142, 2145, 2148, 2151, 2154, 2157, 2160, 2163, 2166, 2169, 2172, 2175, 2178, 2181, 2184, 2187, 2190, 2193, 2196, 2199, 2202, 2205, 2208, 2211, 2214, 2217, 2220, 2223, 2226, 2229, 2232, 2235, 2238, 2241, 2244, 2247, 2250, 2253, 2256, 2259, 2262, 2265, 2268, 2271, 2274, 2277, 2280, 2283, 2286, 2289, 2292, 2295, 2298, 2301, 2304, 2307, 2310, 2313, 2316, 2319, 2322, 2325, 2328, 2331, 2334, 2337, 2340, 2343, 2346, 2349, 2352, 2355, 2358, 2361, 2364, 2367, 2370, 2373, 2376, 2379, 2382, 2385, 2388, 2391, 2394, 2397, 2400, 2403, 2406, 2409, 2412, 2415, 2418, 2421, 2424, 2427, 2430, 2433, 2436, 2439, 2442, 2445, 2448, 2451, 2454, 2457, 2460, 2463, 2466, 2469, 2472, 2475, 2478, 2481, 2484, 2487, 2490, 2493, 2496, 2499, 2502, 2505, 2508, 2511, 2514, 2517, 2520, 2523, 2526, 2529, 2532, 2535, 2538, 2541, 2544, 2547, 2550, 2553, 2556, 2559, 2562, 2565, 2568, 2571, 2574, 2577, 2580, 2583, 2586, 2589, 2592, 2595, 2598, 2601, 2604, 2607, 2610, 2613, 2616, 2619, 2622, 2625, 2628, 2631, 2634, 2637, 2640, 2643, 2646, 2649, 2652, 2655, 2658, 2661, 2664, 2667, 2670, 2673, 2676, 2679, 2682, 2685, 2688, 2691, 2694, 2697, 2700, 2703, 2706, 2709, 2712, 2715, 2718, 2721, 2724, 2727, 2730, 2733, 2736, 2739, 2742, 2745, 2748, 2751, 2754, 2757, 2760, 2763, 2766, 2769, 2772, 2775, 2778, 2781, 2784, 2787, 2790, 2793, 2796, 2799, 2802, 2805, 2808, 2811, 2814, 2817, 2820, 2823, 2826, 2829, 2832, 2835, 2838, 2841, 2844, 2847, 2850, 2853, 2856, 2859, 2862, 2865, 2868, 2871, 2874, 2877, 2880, 2883, 2886, 2889, 2892, 2895, 2898, 2901, 2904, 2907, 2910, 2913, 2916, 2919, 2922, 2925, 2928, 2931, 2934, 2937, 2940, 2943, 2946, 2949, 2952, 2955, 2958, 2961, 2964, 2967, 2970, 2973, 2976, 2979, 2982, 2985, 2988, 2991, 2994, 2997, 3000, 3003, 3006, 3009, 3012, 3015, 3018, 3021, 3024, 3027, 3030, 3033, 3036, 3039, 3042, 3045, 3048, 3051, 3054, 3057, 3060, 3063, 3066, 3069, 3072, 3075, 3078, 3081, 3084, 3087, 3090, 3093, 3096, 3099, 3102, 3105, 3108, 3111, 3114, 3117, 3120, 3123, 3126, 3129, 3132, 3135, 3138, 3141, 3144, 3147, 3150, 3153, 3156, 3159, 3162, 3165, 3168, 3171, 3174, 3177, 3180, 3183, 3186, 3189, 3192, 3195, 3198, 3201, 3204, 3207, 3210, 3213, 3216, 3219, 3222, 3225, 3228, 3231, 3234, 3237, 3240, 3243, 3246, 3249, 3252, 3255, 3258, 3261, 3264, 3267, 3270, 3273, 3276, 3279, 3282, 3285, 3288, 3291, 3294, 3297, 3300, 3303, 3306, 3309, 3312, 3315, 3318, 3321, 3324, 3327, 3330, 3333, 3336, 3339, 3342, 3345, 3348, 3351, 3354, 3357, 3360, 3363, 3366, 3369, 3372, 3375, 3378, 3381, 3384, 3387, 3390, 3393, 3396, 3399, 3402, 3405, 3408, 3411, 3414, 3417, 3420, 3423, 3426, 3429, 3432, 3435, 3438, 3441, 3444, 3447, 3450, 3453, 3456, 3459, 3462, 3465, 3468, 3471, 3474, 3477, 3480, 3483, 3486, 3489, 3492, 3495, 3498, 3501, 3504, 3507, 3510, 3513, 3516, 3519, 3522, 3525, 3528, 3531, 3534, 3537, 3540, 3543, 3546, 3549, 3552, 3555, 3558, 3561, 3564, 3567, 3570, 3573, 3576, 3579, 3582, 3585, 3588, 3591, 3594, 3597, 3600, 3603, 3606, 3609, 3612, 3615, 3618, 3621, 3624, 3627, 3630, 3633, 3636, 3639, 3642, 3645, 3648, 3651, 3654, 3657, 3660, 3663, 3666, 3669, 3672, 3675, 3678, 3681, 3684, 3687, 3690, 3693, 3696, 3699, 3702, 3705, 3708, 3711, 3714, 3717, 3720, 3723, 3726, 3729, 3732, 3735, 3738, 3741, 3744, 3747, 3750, 3753, 3756, 3759, 3762, 3765, 3768, 3771, 3774, 3777, 3780, 3783, 3786, 3789, 3792, 3795, 3798, 3801, 3804, 3807, 3810, 3813, 3816, 3819, 3822, 3825, 3828, 3831, 3834, 3837, 3840, 3843, 3846, 3849, 3852, 3855, 3858, 3861, 3864, 3867, 3870, 3873, 3876, 3879, 3882, 3885, 3888, 3891, 3894, 3897, 3900, 3903, 3906, 3909, 3912, 3915, 3918, 3921, 3924, 3927, 3930, 3933, 3936, 3939, 3942, 3945, 3948, 3951, 3954, 3957, 3960, 3963, 3966, 3969, 3972, 3975, 3978, 3981, 3984, 3987, 3990, 3993, 3996, 4000.

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